

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 823

SEPT. 5, 1885

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

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LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

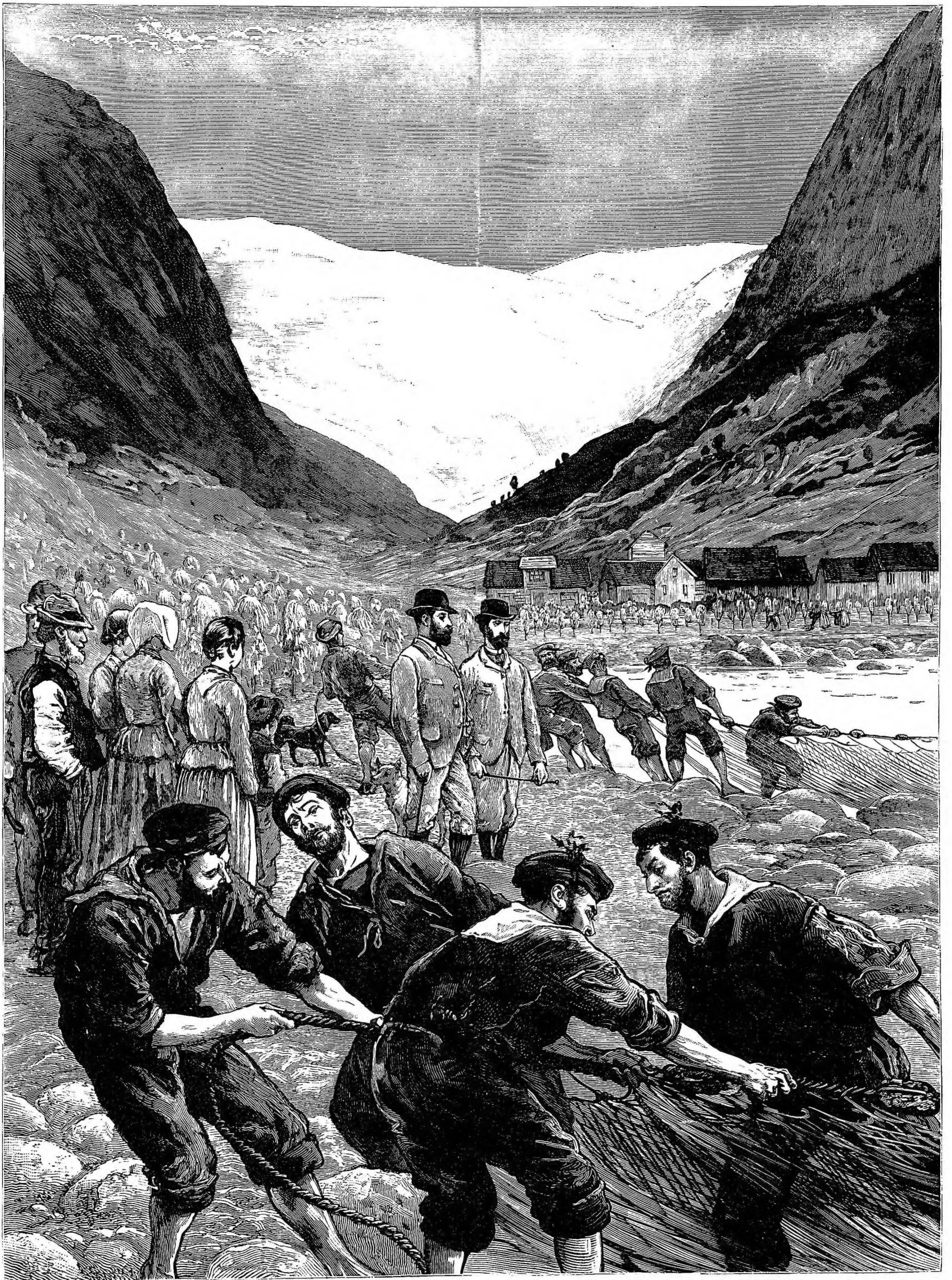
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No. 823.—VOL. XXXII.
Registered as a Newspaper] ÉDITION
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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1885

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT [PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post Ninepence Halfpenny



THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO NORWAY—HAULING IN THE SEINE UNDER THE BUARBRE, SANDVENVAND, HARDANGER
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL

Topics of the Week

MR. GLADSTONE AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.—Mr. Gladstone has come back from Norway with renewed vigour, and very soon, no doubt, he will begin to make arrangements for the series of speeches which he proposes to deliver in Midlothian. The Liberals have seldom had more urgent need of his services. There is not, indeed, much reason to suppose that even if he retired altogether from politics there would be any essential change in the constitution of the Liberal party. It is often predicted that the Moderate Liberals will by-and-by withdraw from their terrible allies, the Radicals; but somehow the Moderate Liberals manifest no disposition to oblige their Conservative friends by asserting an undue amount of independence. Lord Hartington works fairly well with Mr. Chamberlain, and even Lord Cowper thinks it would be unsafe for the Whigs to break away from their advanced friends. The real danger of the Liberal party is, not that it may be rent by internal disputes, but that it may be unable to excite popular enthusiasm. It cannot pretend that during its five years of power it served the country brilliantly; and there are no signs that the Conservative Government is likely to expose itself to attack by its method of conducting foreign affairs. On the other hand, Liberal candidates are talking about so many reforms that their proposals are beginning to confuse the minds of ordinary voters. What is wanted is that some Liberal statesman of acknowledged authority shall come forward, and define exactly the measures for which all sections of his party ought to contend in the new Parliament. If this is not done by Mr. Gladstone, it cannot be done at all, for of the members of the late Government he alone possesses the power of kindling among "the masses" a zealous devotion to the cause he represents.

LORD HARTINGTON'S PROGRAMME.—It is curious that although one hears the majority in clubs and *coteries* express very favourable opinions of the programme unfolded by Lord Hartington at Waterfoot, only a very small minority recognise him as the proper man to carry it out. Yet is he honest and circumspect and sagacious, with a very strong following both in Parliament and the country, and with all the advantages of great wealth and high position to give his talents fair play and something more. Why is it then, that when men discuss his latest utterance, there are so many smiles and shakings of the head? Simply because Lord Hartington has afforded the most abundant proof that he does not possess the quality called by sporting men "staying power." Both Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Parnell possess it in a remarkable degree, and it is because the Hartingtonian oration singles out them and their projects in particular for attack, that it strikes Clubland as such a merry conceit. When the Gladstone Government was constituted in 1880, nervous Liberals who had a horror of Birmingham Radicalism, were bidden to observe that the Cabinet contained Lord Hartington and Lord Granville as well as Mr. Chamberlain, and it was scornfully asked whether these were the sort of men to endanger the rights of property. All the world knows what followed, and how completely Mr. Chamberlain got his way by that superior "staying power" of which we have just spoken. It is the same in the case of Mr. Parnell. The ex-War Secretary solemnly warns him that, if he perseveres with his revolutionary project of separating Ireland from England, the two great parties will sink their differences, and combine their Parliamentary forces against his little phalanx. Would it might be so! If one could believe in the likelihood of that coalition, the political outlook would not be so gloomy. But with Birmingham Socialism recklessly bidding against Democratic Toryism for the Irish vote, present appearances certainly appear to warrant the expectation that Mr. Parnell will be considerably nearer the object for which he "took off his coat" some five years ago, before Lord Hartington's predicted amalgamation of parties takes place.

MR. PARNELL'S DEMANDS.—In his speech at the banquet given by the Lord Mayor of Dublin, on Tuesday, Mr. Parnell defined with commendable precision the objects at which he now professes to aim. Ireland, it seems, has a right to "nationhood," and in virtue of this right she demands a freely elected Parliament which shall have much larger powers than those possessed by the Legislative Assemblies of the individual States of the American Union. Mr. Parnell did not say that he wished Ireland to be an independent Republic, but that was apparently what he meant, and he expressed his "fullest conviction that the Irish people are on the brink of victory in this struggle." He seems to have overlooked the fact that in all the concessions which have hitherto been made to his countrymen Ireland has been supported by a powerful party in England. The Irish Church was disestablished, and the Irish Land Acts were passed, not merely because these measures were claimed by Irish politicians, but because the majority of the Liberal party held them to be just and expedient. No English statesman, however, has a word to say in favour of the proposals which are now being thrust on our attention. There is a growing conviction that the system of local self-government must assume new forms in Ireland as well as in Great Britain; but the

leaders of all English parties are agreed that the integrity of the Empire must be maintained. How does Mr. Parnell propose to overcome this united opposition to his schemes? "I believe," he declared, "that if it be sought to make it impossible for our country to obtain the right of administering her own affairs, we shall make all other things impossible for those who so seek." That Irish members have a matchless power of obstructing public business we all know too well; but they may find that even their capacity for working mischief has limits in a Democratic Parliament which has no sympathy with their extreme demands. By his present extravagant claims Mr. Parnell is doing far more harm to Ireland than he is ever likely to do to England, for he is fostering a discontented spirit which may prevent the accomplishment of practicable reforms, and which may in the end lead to the outbreak of a disastrous civil war.

"PEDS."—Like professional sculling, professional pedestrianism does not hold a very high or honoured place among our sports and pastimes; but of late years running and walking have, as a branch of athletics, created considerable interest, owing mainly to what were once thought wonderful performances being constantly eclipsed by both professional and amateur "peds." The enormous crowd at Lillie Bridge on Monday evening last to witness the mile race between George and Cummings bore testimony to this, and probably no contest between two first-class men, either in this or any other country, has caused so much genuine excitement. Cummings for many years has been far ahead of his brother "peds," and his mile at Preston in 1881, with the authentic record of 4 min. 16 1-5 sec., entitled him to be called "the fastest man in the world." Like Cummings among professionals, George has long been the recognised champion among amateurs for any distance from one to ten miles, Snook being the only man who could really extend him. Sighing for new worlds to conquer, however, he has deliberately stepped out of the ranks of amateurs and joined those of the professional athletes. At all events, his race with Cummings for a stake of money *ipso facto*, according to present regulations, disqualified him from running again as an amateur. Still, Monday's contest was not unreasonably looked upon as one between an amateur and professional, as George had never before put himself into the hands of a professional trainer, and it was easy to gather, from the interest displayed between the partisans of the respective Champions, that it was so regarded, and that it was a thoroughly *bonâ fide* affair. As we relate elsewhere, George won in 4 min. 20 1-5 sec. According to the time-test the best records were not beaten; but it must be remembered that there is a very great difference between men running merely a race against each other and endeavouring to "cut the record." There is little doubt but that George could have done this had he been so minded last Monday. Some eighty years ago Captain Barclay's mile in 4 min. 50 sec. was considered an impossibility before he did it; but a quarter of a century later Metcalf, a tailor, ran the distance on the Knavesmire at York in 4 min. 30 sec. and after that the record became gradually reduced till it stands where it is now, Cummings's 4 min 16 1-5 sec. in 1881, being the "champion" time on a level track.

SIR HENRY WOLFF AND THE SULTAN.—It is clear that Lord Salisbury sets high value on "blarney." Not only is Lord Carnarvon displaying an almost more than Irish faculty in the prodigal use of this accomplishment, but Sir Henry Wolff is showering it about profusely at Constantinople. It is gravely related that when he left the Sultan after presenting his credentials, he appeared "much pleased with the courtesy, affability, and cordiality of manner which His Majesty had shown him throughout the audience." A South Sea islander reading this would imagine that our Envoy Extraordinary had ventured into the presence of some savage potentate, such as him of Dahomey, who would have as lief kill an ambassador as one of his own slaves. Blarney, of course; blarney for exportation by telegraph to England and back again, so that both the English people might see how nicely their representative was getting on, and the Sultan might learn how deeply his graciousness was appreciated by its recipient. According to all accounts, however, Abd-ul-Hamid himself is no mean artist in diplomatic flatteries, and we are inclined to suspect that he gave a fair exchange for the honeyed compliments he received. Did the two illustrious gentlemen laugh in their sleeves as this pretty fencing went on, each thinking to himself, "I wonder whether this fellow will be as quick with his parries and thrusts when we take the buttons off the foils?" The buttons are off by this time, and the combatants now know whether it is to be a case of "Kiss and be friends" between England and Turkey or otherwise. If the last word of the Turk be, as is commonly reported on the Continent, his complete reinstatement on the Nile, Sir Henry Wolff's mission will end in failure. Neither here nor on the Continent would public opinion tolerate any revival of the old state of things, when Egypt was regarded at Constantinople as a providential milch cow, capable of living on nothing and always yielding abundantly. If Abd-ul-Hamid will be content with the formal recognition by England and the Khédive of his suzerain position and rights, no harm can come from granting so much, provided he be made to clearly understand that his suzerainship will never be given effect to.

THE DAWLISH ACCIDENT.—The present holiday season has been unusually prolific of fatal accidents of the most painful character, that which happened a few days ago at Dawlish, on the south coast of Devon, through the fall of a portion of a cliff, being one of the most distressing. When we consider the immense stretches of chalk, or red sandstone, along our southern coast, and the constant falling of great masses, it is remarkable that accidents do not more frequently occur, even though in the vicinity of many of our seaside resorts portions of the dangerous cliffs are sloped off, or warning notices put up. The cliff at Dawlish, where the accident took place, is of softish sand—to be called a rock only by courtesy—and this geological formation is, of course, specially subject to various erosive agencies. As was shown at the inquest held on the bodies of the three victims of the fatality, slips of portions of the cliffs have been common for years, and notice boards, warning the public of the danger of lingering near their base, were exhibited some years ago by the local authorities. But, somehow or other, these notices got destroyed or taken away, and the local Board actually allowed a kind of bridge to be constructed facilitating the approach to the dangerous beach in question, without replacing the "danger" notices, thus practically inviting the public to put their lives in jeopardy. It appears, too, that there have been several slips of the cliffs, of a more or less serious character, during the last six months, and though members of the Board were distinctly warned by a clergyman and several other persons of the existing danger, and urged to take some step in the way of sloping the cliffs, or underpinning them with a wall, as is done in some places in the locality, the Board would do nothing, because there was a question as to the legal ownership of the beach between the Board and the Railway Company. This is an instance of the strange but almost universal repugnance shown by local authorities to accept a suggestion or warning from any outsider. What had an interfering parson or any one else to do with the state of the cove and the cliff?—doubtless said the Board. They know now; and had better at once deal with the cliffs themselves, and trust to the public to hold them harmless as to any legal trouble. Surely there can be no great difficulty in dealing with the Railway Company in such a matter.

MR. AUBERON HERBERT.—In a letter to the *Times* the other day, Mr. Auberon Herbert tried to persuade English politicians that there are only two political creeds possible for us "when once we take the pains to know consciously and rationally what we believe." Those two creeds he sums up in the words Individualism and Socialism. By Individualism he means a state of society in which the Government shall recognise no other duty than that of protecting its subjects from aggression; by Socialism, a state of society in which the Government shall direct all the operations of industry and trade. He appears to have forgotten that there are Socialists who dislike, as heartily as he himself does, the proposal to concentrate all power in the hands of the State. Socialists of this class—the Anarchists—hold that Governments are necessarily unjust and tyrannical, and that the first condition of human welfare is that the individual shall be emancipated from every kind of external control. To Mr. Herbert this may seem a mischievous and ridiculous theory; but it is maintained by an immense number of revolutionists on the Continent, and some of them contend that it is the only logical consequence of the principles from which Mr. Herbert starts in his crusade against the tendencies of modern Liberalism. Another point worthy of notice is that Mr. Herbert recommends "those who care to go to the root of the matter" to betake themselves "to the study of the writings of the great master, Mr. Herbert Spencer." Politicians who act on this advice will find that in one of his writings Mr. Spencer argues strongly against the right of private property in land. He there contends that all land should be held by the State for the benefit of the community; and this, of course, means that the State ought to undertake much larger obligations than any which are now imposed upon it. Mr. Auberon Herbert can hardly be of opinion that it would be well for the public to accept this part of the teaching of "the great master." He ought to tell us a little more clearly in which of Mr. Spencer's writings we are to search for the pure fountains of political wisdom.

THE OLDHAM STRIKE.—Although it is not to be disputed that the wearer of a tight shoe knows best where it pinches, equally incontestable is the truth of the saying that onlookers see the most of the game. As onlookers, then, at the industrial war in Lancashire, we are bound to say that the operatives on strike appear to be playing a somewhat foolish game. It is not merely that they are exhausting their Union funds, subjecting to severe suffering those of their classmates who do not belong to the Union, and causing heavy loss to the mill-owners. These results are bad enough, but a far graver danger lies ahead. Should this suicidal quarrel continue much longer, foreign customers who used to supply their wants at Oldham will either make shift to provide for themselves, or go elsewhere. It is no longer the case that the outside world is bound to dance attendance on Lancashire for cotton goods. In the United States, in India, and elsewhere, formidable competitors have come into existence, and only by straining every nerve can Lancashire hope to retain her pride of place. Instead of doing this, her operatives

take holiday for month after month, flattering themselves that their accumulated funds will outlast their employers' resources. Suppose they do; what then? Will Lancashire be in a better position to fight foreign competition, when those engaged in her staple industry, both masters and men, are nearly ruined? Will that state of things enable her to recover lost markets? These are the questions the operatives should seriously put to themselves. A ten per cent. reduction of wages is, no doubt, a heavy sacrifice to submit to. But if it be the case that only by cheapening the cost of production can our cotton industry hold its own against foreign competition, that sacrifice, heavy as it is, would be light compared with the other alternative—the complete and irrecoverable ruin of all engaged in the business.

PARTRIDGE AND GROUSE DRIVING.—The enormous multiplication during the past twenty-five years of guns and fishing rods, constantly at work in the fishing and shooting seasons, has doubtless tended to make our game birds much wilder, and fish much more difficult to ensnare. Hence man has been obliged to improve his methods for the capture of these creatures *fera natura*; the "gentle art," which in Walton's time was simplicity itself, has become a science with no finality, and sportsmen, even with the improved guns of the period, have to resort to other methods than the mere walking up to their game, or finding it with the aid of their dogs. Grouse and partridges are each year more difficult to approach. After the first few days of the season are over, and if bags are to be filled, "driving" has to be resorted to. Many old-fashioned sportsmen, and especially persons who know but little of shooting, are in the habit of decrying this form of sport—indeed, they deny that it is worthy of the name of sport at all—averring that any duffer can hit birds when they are driven to him, and he is lying ensconced in a ditch or behind a hedge or wall, or in a regularly constructed and ramparted grouse-pit. To arrange the driving of a moor, or sections of it, according to wind and weather and the geography of contiguous shootings, to properly instruct your beaters, to plant your guns, requires good generalship; and a man must be a very fair shot to kill a moiety of the birds he shoots at as they come by him at the rate of forty or fifty miles an hour, and often at a far greater rate when assisted by a strong wind. Similar remarks apply to partridge-driving, which is even a more difficult matter than that of grouse-driving, as the flight of the birds cannot be depended on nearly so much as that of grouse, and it is necessary to post attendants here and there with flags to modify, if possible, their course. If the essence of sport is pitting the skill and patience of man against the astuteness of his quarry, then surely the cry that is often raised against driving as unsportsmanlike is not justified. Moreover, in the case of those who rent a moor or a manor at a pretty stiff figure, it is but natural, when the birds, though plentiful, are wild and hardly get-at-able in the ordinary way, that they should try and "circumvent" a certain number as a set-off to expenses or to send to their friends.

GERMANY AND SPAIN.—It might have been thought that the Spaniards would find ample scope for the exercise of their energies in the fight with cholera. But even the devastation caused by this terrible invader has not prevented some of them from taking part in a violent agitation against Germany. The real explanation of the movement is that the Spanish revolutionists saw in the affair of the Caroline Islands an opportunity for attacking the Monarchy. The Spanish Republic was a wretched failure; nevertheless a large number of Spaniards seem to be of opinion that the establishment of Republican institutions is necessary for the welfare of their country. How far they have succeeded in damaging the influence of the Crown by their present accusations it is hard to say; but there can be little doubt that they have created a situation which might easily become dangerous. For the Spanish people are still the proudest people in Europe, and they may be guilty of any extravagance if demagogues can persuade them that the national honour has been outraged. It may be hoped that the German Government will do what it can to deprive the revolutionary party of all excuse for further menace. Not very long ago Prince Bismarck succeeded in establishing a thoroughly good understanding between Germany and Spain, and it was certainly not worth while to interrupt the friendly relations of the two countries for the sake of a slight material advantage. His action is all the more strange because the claim of Spain to the sovereignty over the Caroline Islands, even if it be not perfectly sound, is at all events considerably better than any that can be advanced on behalf of her formidable rival.

CHINA WAKING UP.—The apparent sincerity of the Chinese Government in their new-born zeal for railway construction is a hopeful sign, whatever may come of it at present. It shows, at all events, that a powerful party must at last recognise the necessity, if not the expediency, of throwing down the barriers of exclusiveness behind which the Celestial race have screened themselves from contact with the barbarian world. China must either throw in her lot with the march of civilisation or get crushed in fragments; no other alternative is possible. But it would be prudent to wait awhile before beginning to manufacture railway material for the Chinese market. Mr. John Dixon perceives a glorious

prospect ahead; four hundred millions of people shouting to England to provide them off-hand with locomotives, rails, and plant of all sorts. He does not mention it, but England would also have to supply the capital for the purchase of these articles, the Pekin Treasury being quite incapable of managing such a gigantic financial transaction except by the simple process of borrowing. The mandarins have already tasted the sweets which result, for a time, from issuing loans in Europe, and it would not surprise us if their sudden enthusiasm for railways was partly due to that incentive. When millions are tumbling in, some portion is pretty sure to stick to the fingers which handle them, particularly if those digits are Asiatic, and Mr. Ah Sin's long nails would greatly conduce to the proceeding. It remains to be seen, however, whether the Exclusivists are completely subdued. There are two parties in China as here in England, and although they are too dignified to squabble in a big chamber with all the world looking on, they have their own ways of replacing one set of Ministers by another. Mr. Dixon shows that, in the case of the little Shanghai-Woosung railway, the Exclusivists eventually triumphed and got rid of the line, although it had proved a complete success. Perhaps this new mania for railway construction may have a similar ending as soon as no more money can be extracted from European capitalists.

OYSTERS AND LOBSTERS.—Gastronomists, especially those who are not rich enough to indulge in such *entrées* as peacocks' brains, larks' tongues, or even frogs' thighs, have recently had their palatal anticipations pleasurably excited in two directions. A sound has gone forth of abundance of oysters at a reasonable price, and of live lobsters at next to nothing. Neither as yet have been fulfilled. Though oysters are decidedly cheaper this season in consequence of several good falls of spat within the last few years, and the increased care bestowed on their cultivation, the demand for the "blessed bivalve" will maintain prices to a great extent, and were it not for the American supply they would probably be even higher now than ever. For the best kinds we can hardly look for any very considerable reduction in prices, as the Whitstable grounds which produce them are not in themselves prolific of *real* "natives," which only come in with the partridges, and they are of too limited extent for the cultivation of "brood" bought elsewhere annually by the Corporation of Dredgers of Whitstable, to produce a much larger supply of what are known in the market as "seconds." As regards the live lobsters expected from Bay Chaleur, Canada, they arrived, as the Irishman would say, dead a few days ago, and so far the experiment has failed. They were shipped in salt water tanks, but all died before reaching London. It is thought that iron rust in the tanks, or some chemical action which took place, was the cause of death; but an experienced lobster handler says that it was the warmth of the water that killed them, and suggests the use of ice to keep it cool. But as both lobsters and crabs can be kept alive many days by placing them upon "eel grass" spread upon ice, or between layers of seaweed kept moistened, it is probable that the next experiment will be in this direction. Any way neither importers nor lovers of lobsters need despair, as at the outset many difficulties had to be overcome in the way of importing American oysters, which are now to be found at a very cheap rate on all the fish-costers' barrows in London or other populous places. The supply of lobsters in Canadian waters is practically inexhaustible; and every year something like seventeen million tins—each tin containing two or three fair-sized fish—are exported. But, like the oyster, the lobster resents "tinning," and though some brands are very firm, and well adapted for sauces and curries, the crustacean loses flavour under this treatment, and we shall doubly welcome him in his natural state. The tinning trade is said to represent an annual profit to Canada of three million dollars, and live lobsters would realise as much, and probably more, as the wholesale price is so low that even at very cheap retail prices they would realise a big profit if only a moiety of them made the passage across the Atlantic alive. Only a few years ago fresh lobsters of good size could be bought in Halifax market at a penny each, and they are not very much dearer now.



LYCEUM THEATRE.—Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY IRVING.—This theatre will reopen this evening, September 5, at 8 o'clock, with *OLIVIA*, by W. G. Wills. Dr. Primrose, Mr. Henry Irving; Olivia, Miss Ellen Terry. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst), open Ten to Five, where Seats can be booked in advance, or by letter or telegram. Carriages 11.15.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.—MR. WILSON BARRETT, Lessee and Manager.—EVERY EVENING, at eight o'clock, will be ENACTED a new play in four acts and fourteen scenes, by Henry A. Jones and Wilson Barrett, entitled *HOODMAN BLIND*. New scenery by Messrs. W. Hann and T. E. Ryan. Incidental music and overture by Mr. Edward Jones. Produced under the sole direction of Mr. Wilson Barrett. Characters by Messrs. Wilson Barrett, E. S. Willard, C. Cooper, E. Price, G. Walton, C. Hudson, C. Fulton, Evans, Bernage, Elliott, &c., and George Barrett, Miss Eastlake, Mesdames Huntley, Cooke, Clitherow, &c. Prices:—Private Boxes, £1 1s. to £9 9s.; Stalls, 10s.; Dress Circle, 6s.; Upper Boxes, 3s. Box Office open from 9.30 to 5.0. No tickets. Doors open at 7.30. Carriages at 11.0. Business Manager, Mr. J. H. Cobbe. Morning Performance of *HOODMAN BLIND*, this day, Saturday, September 5, at two. Doors open at 1.30.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE, Coventry Street, W.—Lighted by Electricity. Sole Proprietor and Manager, Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. Every Evening at 8. Comedietta. Followed by (at 9) the very successful farcical play in three acts, by R. C. Carton and Cecil Raleigh, called *THE GREAT PINK PEARL*. For cast see daily papers. Doors open at 7.40, commence at 8. Carriages at 11. Box Office open 11 to 5. Seats may be booked by letter, telegram, or telephone (4,700).

Business Manager and Treasurer, Mr. W. H. GRIFFITHS.

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THE COOLEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN LONDON.
THE NEW AND DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT
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MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS
ALL THROUGH THE SUMMER.
EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT, and on
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY AFTERNOONS
at THREE as well.
Doors open at 2.30 and 7.
Tickets and places at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, from 9.30 to 7.
No fees of any description.

THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORE GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

ANNO DOMINI, "THE SEARCH FOR BEAUTY," and "THE CHOSEN FIVE," by EDWIN LONG, R.A. These Celebrated Pictures with other works, are ON VIEW at THE GALLERIES, 168, New Bond Street. Ten to six. Admission 1s.

NEW ENGRAVINGS, &c., ON VIEW.
MAYTIME. BASIL BRADLEY.
TWIXT LOVE AND DUTY. S. E. WALLER.
NAPOLEON ON THE "BELLEROPHON."
THE GLOAMING. CARL HEFFNER.
DAWN (Companion to do.)
THE MISSING BOATS. R. H. CARTER.
A PEGGED DOWN FISHING MATCH. DENDY SADLER.
FIRST DAYS OF SPRING. ISENBART.
PARTING KISS. ALMA TADEMA.
&c. &c. &c.
N.B.—Engravings of above on sale at lowest prices.
THE SAVOY GALLERY OF ENGRAVINGS,
GEO. REES, 115, Strand, Corner of Savoy Street.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE ZOO."



THE PRINCE OF WALES IN NORWAY

THE Prince of Wales left Aberdeen in the *Osborne* for Norway on Saturday, August 22nd, having been delayed from the previous evening owing to bad weather. The *Osborne* crossed the North Sea and on Sunday reached Kobbervig village, on the large and populous island of Karmo, north of Stavanger. There the *Osborne* first stopped, and despatched a boat to the shore with telegrams for home, and several Norwegian yachts put out to inspect the vessel. Kobbervig is one of the largest villages in Karmo. Its population lives chiefly by the herring fishery. The island is nearly flat, and is tolerably well cultivated at places, but consists chiefly of muddy marsh and poor pasture land, being almost entirely destitute of trees. It contains numerous barrows, or ancient burial places, which have yielded relics of considerable antiquarian interest. From Kobbervig the Prince coasted northwards to the Hardanger Fjord. Entering this, the *Osborne* steamed the entire length, and passing into the Sor Fjord dropped anchor at Odde, a favourite starting place with tourists for the numerous excursions which are to be made in the neighbourhood. On Monday the Prince took a trip to a picturesque lake—the Sandevand, and to a magnificent glacier, the Buarbre, the foot of which is only 700 feet above the Sandevand. This glacier is noted for the steady advance which it is making—a perfect railroad speed for glacier travelling. Thus in 1870, a progress of 260 feet was made, while the following year a distance of twelve feet was covered in one week. One of our sketches shows the *Osborne* at anchor off Odde, with the Folge Fond towering above her. The Folge Fond is an enormous mass of ice and snow some thirty-five to forty miles in length, and from seven to fifteen miles in width, covering the mountainous plateau which rises between the Hardanger, the Aakre, and the Sor Fjords. The mountain is at its highest at the end of the Sor Fjord, over which it towers to a perpendicular height of 5,420 feet. In the foreground of the sketch is the pier where the Prince of Wales first landed on Norwegian soil. Our other sketches depict the Prince of Wales witnessing some seine-net fishing in the Sandevand, some peasants rowing round the *Osborne* at Odde, and sketch portraits of the two Norwegian pilots, Christian Larsen and Jens Langlars.

THE ROYAL BETROTHAL IN DENMARK

PRINCE WALDEMAR, whose betrothal to the eldest daughter of the Due de Chartres has just been announced, is the youngest son of the King and Queen of Denmark. He was born on October 27th, 1858, and is consequently nearly twenty-seven years of age. He is the Sailor Prince of the Danish Royal family, and holds the rank of First Lieutenant in the Danish Navy. His fiancée, the Princess Marie Amelie Françoise Hélène d'Orleans, was born at Ham, in England, on January 13th, 1865, and is therefore just twenty. The Prince and Princess it is stated first met during the Duke's tour in Northern Europe last year, when he visited Copenhagen. The betrothal was announced last month at a family dinner at Gmunden, and the ceremony is to be formally celebrated at the Royal Residence of Frederiksborg on September 7th, the birthday of the Queen of Denmark. There will be a family *réunion* on the occasion, as the Czar and Czarina, the King and Queen of Greece, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland are to be present. Our portraits are from photographs; that of Prince Waldemar by E. Hohlenberg, and that of Princess Marie d'Orleans by Numa Blanc Fils, Paris.

THE IMPERIAL MEETING AT KREMSIER

RARELY has an Imperial meeting been conducted with so much pomp and ceremony as has the recent visit of the Czar of Russia to the Emperor of Austria at Kremsier. This little town we have already described and illustrated, so that we may say at once that the Czar and Czarina arrived there on August 25th. The Emperor of Austria had met them some stations before at Hullein, and the Empress of Austria was in waiting for her guests on the platform at Kremsier. The whole route to the Archbishop's Palace—which had been transformed into a Royal residence for the time being—was lined with troops of all arms, and was gaily decorated throughout, a triumphal arch having been erected near the station, and the market-place being ornamented with obelisks of flowers and corn. The two Emperors drove off to the palace in a carriage by themselves, their wives following in another. The Czar, who was in Austrian uniform out of compliment to his host, is said to have grown much stouter, notwithstanding that he vigorously combats this tendency to obesity by walking more than ten miles a day, and by limiting himself to a single daily meal, save a cup of tea morning and evening. After luncheon the two Emperors had a private interview, then followed the inevitable State banquet; a theatrical performance winding up the evening.

Next day, the Emperors went for a hunting excursion to the neighbouring forest, the Fürstenwald, the young princes remaining behind, but the Grand Duke Vladimir joining the party. Three hundred bucks had been driven over-night into an enclosure, and were turned out to furnish sport.

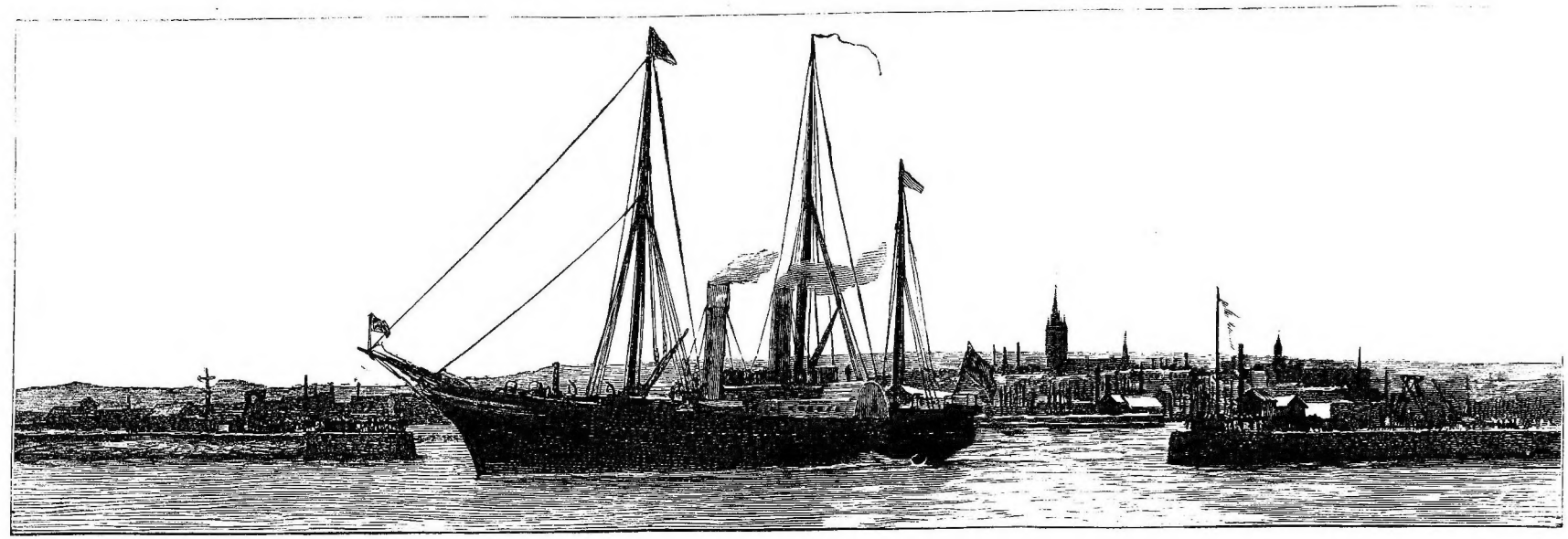


PRINCESS MARIE AMELIE D'ORLEANS, ELDEST DAUGHTER
OF THE DUC DE CHARTRES
Born January 13, 1865

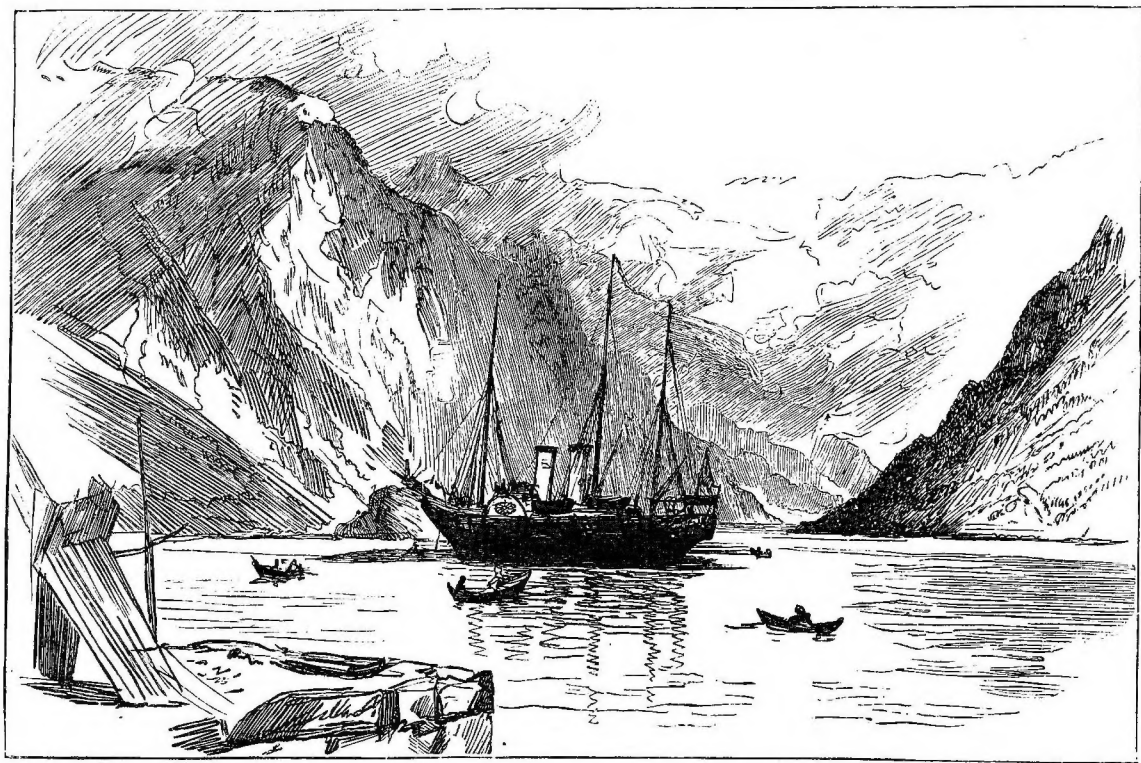


PRINCE WALDEMAR, YOUNGEST SON OF THE
KING OF DENMARK
Born October 27, 1858

THE DANISH ROYAL BETROTHAL



THE "OSBORNE" LEAVING ABERDEEN



THE "OSBORNE" AT ANCHOR AT ODDE



THE TWO PILOTS



VISITORS AT ODDE

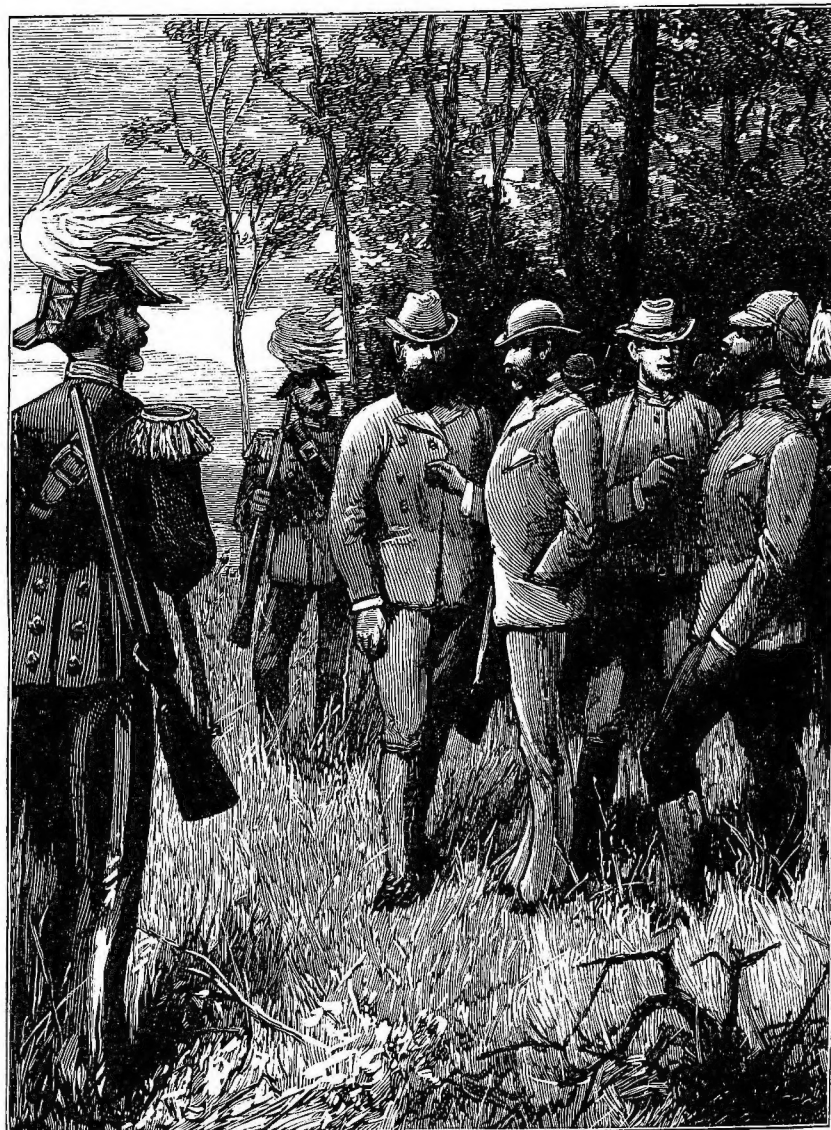


KOBBERVIG, THE FIRST PLACE STOPPED AT IN NORWAY

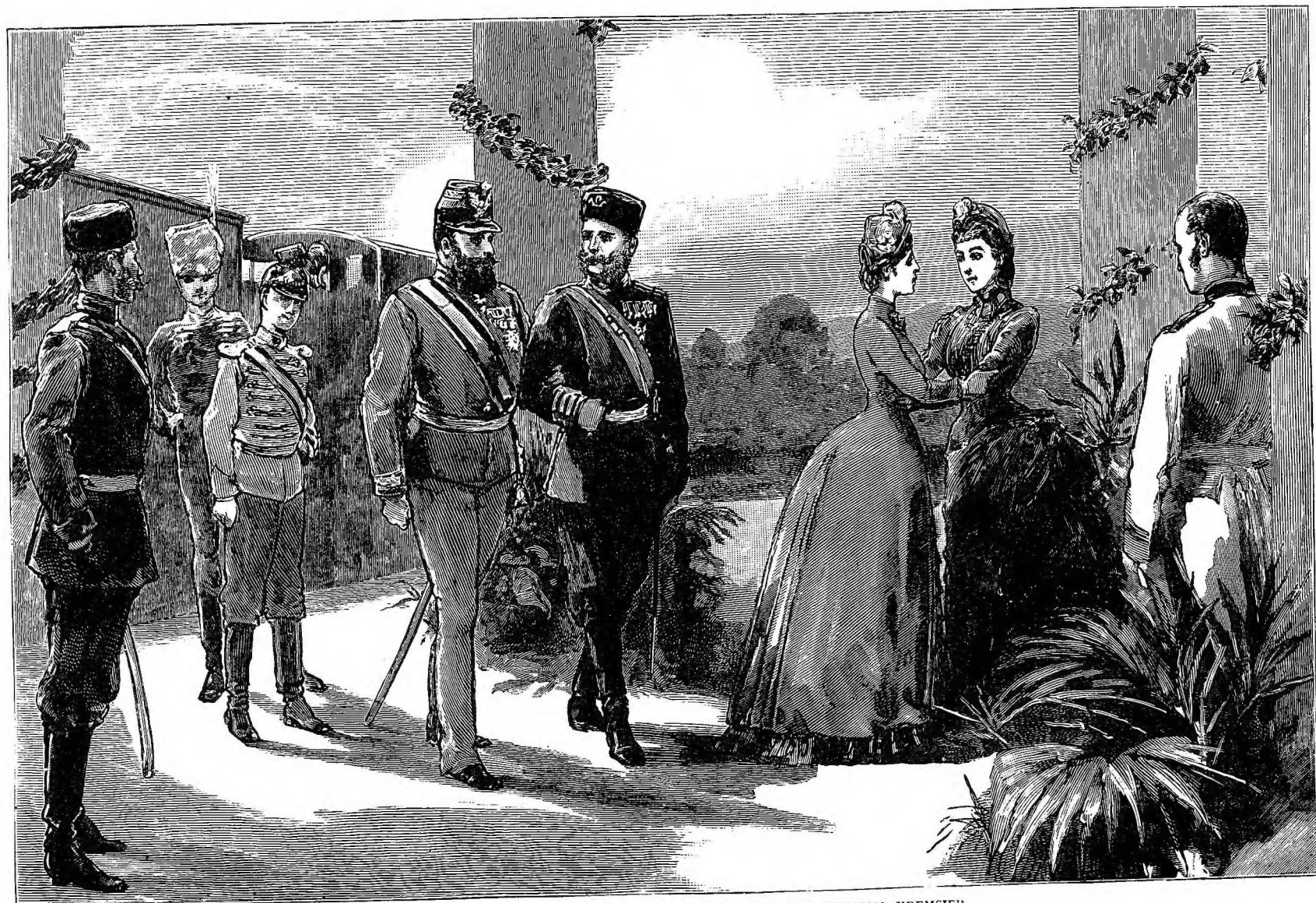
THE VISIT OF THE PRINCE OF WALES TO NORWAY
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. SYDNEY P. HALL



THE CZAR AND THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA PASSING THE TRIUMPHAL
OBELISKS, KREMSIER



THE IMPERIAL HUNTING PARTY, FÜRSTENWALD, NEAR KREMSIER



MEETING BETWEEN THE IMPERIAL FAMILIES AT THE RAILWAY STATION, KREMSIER

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS AT KREMSIER, AUSTRIA

The Czar made a good bag, and the game, including twenty-seven Royal bucks, was spread outside the tent where the Royal party lunched. During luncheon a fanfare of hunting horns played, and some singers, hidden among the trees, answered with hunting songs. Returning to the palace in the evening, the Emperors attended another State banquet, and later, the Czar and Czarina left for Kief; the Emperor of Austria went on to Pilsen; and Kremsier was left to its natural quietude.

THE ARREST OF BRITISH TOURISTS AT FRANKFORT

ON Friday, August 21st, four English gentlemen and a lady—Mr. R. G. Glover, of the War Office; Mr. Robert T. Wragg, solicitor; Mr. William Wible, architect; and Major Charles Harding and his daughter—who were staying at Homburg, went for a day's visit to Frankfort. While lunching at the Café Casino, opposite the Frankfurter Hof, Mr. Wible was informed that two gentlemen in the entrance wished to speak to him. These proved to be two German detectives, who, after comparing a photographic portrait in their possession with Mr. Wible (the photograph showed a man of sixty, Mr. Wible is only thirty-seven), arrested him, and disregarding his request to be taken before the Consul, with whom he was acquainted, took him with the rest of the party to the Central Police Station. Subsequently they were conveyed separately to the City Prison, and while Mr. Wible was being walked there by a police officer he fortunately met Mr. W. D. Freshfield, a London solicitor, to whom—despite the efforts of the police officer to keep him quiet—he shouted out that he and four other British subjects had been arrested, and were being conveyed to prison. Mr. Freshfield at once called on the Vice-Consul, Mr. Goldbeck, who was in charge in the absence of the Consul-General, Mr. Oppenheimer. Mr. Goldbeck was out, but a letter detailing the circumstances was left for him. Meanwhile the unfortunate tourists had been all taken to prison, where for some hours they were confined in separate cells, utterly ignorant of each other's fate or of the crime for which they were suffering, Major Harding being refused permission to say good-bye to his daughter. Protestation was of no effect, the pocket-books, purses, and jewellery of the unfortunate gentlemen were taken from them, and to their inquiries as to the charge on which they were arrested, the only reply vouchsafed was, "You will see." At 10 P.M. Mr. Goldbeck arrived, and an hour later the prisoners were released—apparently without a word of apology. On returning to Homburg next day they found that the Frankfort police had paid a visit to their rooms at the hotel, and had ransacked their luggage, being eventually heard to admit that they had "made a mistake." The German Press has treated the whole outrage with characteristic coolness, and as yet, though the Prussian Government is stated to be prepared "to give the insulted travellers every satisfaction," no public reparation has been announced by the authorities.

NOTES FROM THE CANARY ISLANDS

See next page

TORPEDO OPERATIONS AT CORFU

WE recently illustrated the Mediterranean fleet entering Corfu Harbour, and now depict some torpedo and mining operations which were carried out during the last month under the direction of Lieutenant Jackson, torpedo lieutenant of the *Alexandra*. Lines of observation, electro-contact, and electro-mechanical mines were first laid down, and experiments were tried with blowing charges to test the accuracy of firing arrangements against the steamboats of the squadron.

During one night a combined attack of torpedo boats was made against the squadron, who plied their electric lights to discover them—a boat that had been one minute under the light was considered out of action.

The defensive mining operations were succeeded by destruction of a dummy mine field, by "creeping" and "sweeping" for the cables, &c. These operations consist of grappling for the mines and then exploding charges of gun cotton against anything caught.

"Counter mining" was also resorted to, viz.: exploding large mines being dropped for the purpose, and so clearing a channel.

The practical experience thus obtained by both officers and men is of course invaluable, and worth any amount of theory in the lecture room.

A PHOTOGRAPHER IN ABYSSINIA

THESE photographs, by Mr. J. M. Narick of Suakim, Soudan, further continue the series of pictures of men and manners in Abyssinia. This week they refer more to the social side of the Abyssinians, and in our illustrations we show a family dinner, the fare probably consisting of a morsel of mutton or goat's flesh, drowned in a slough of butter, onions, and red pepper (the Abyssinians even like their bread and butter devilled). Into this mass each in turn dips a piece of bread, which is soft, and adapted for absorbing gravy. If a guest be present, the host and hostess generously crams his or her mouth with the tit bits of the meal. The liquor is ordinarily a species of beer, but it is not etiquette to drink until the master of the house has taken his fill. The food is cooked by a cook-handmaiden, who is shown serving the dish to the company. Another illustration depicts a very different kind of repast—a raw-flesh banquet, one of the greatest treats which can be given to the Abyssinian soldier. Bruce, the traveller, horrified his countrymen by his description of this custom, and got roundly scoffed at for his stories of cutting off steaks from a live cow. Nevertheless, at the present day, raw-meat feasts are none the less practised than then. When all the guests are assembled the animals are slaughtered, and within three minutes the choicest morsels of raw meat, of the fattest, are brought in palpitating for the chief and those of high rank. Knives are handed round to all, and each cuts himself a large piece from the part offered him. *Tej*—anglicised mead—is usually the accompanying beverage, as this is the universally favourite liquor of the Abyssinians, who drink enormous quantities. The server of *tej* to a man of rank must be a quick intelligent cup-bearer. He must watch the least glance of his chief's eye to see if there is anyone whom he should especially serve, and he must have the tact to serve them in a way not to offend the pride of rank of any, which when there are many strangers is a difficult task.

The laws of Abyssinia are mainly to be found in the *Fitha Negust*, which Mr. Plowden remarks is a very bad translation of Justinian. The Abyssinians never make a new law, as with their usual superstition and obstinacy they ascribe to this book a Divine or sacred authority. Thus when a case is before the judges they say: "Let us hear what the *Fitha Negust* says;" it is opened solemnly, and the first passage which can be found bearing at all on the subject is read and acted upon, all other considerations being disregarded. Our illustration represents a couple of disputants arguing before a Ras or chief. On the occasion of a lawsuit, both parties, accuser and accused, must find security or be chained during the continuance of the suit, and afterwards the loser must again find security on all the points for which he may be condemned, his antagonist finding a person to be his fellow. Also he must hand over a certain amount according to the importance of the case to the judges, who get no other pay beyond the numerous presents which they receive on all hands.

AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER AT THE ZOO

See pages 269 et seq.

"FIRST PERSON SINGULAR"

MR. DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY'S New Story, illustrated by Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 273.

ON THE TRAMP

GIVEN fine weather, a pretty country, and a congenial companion, there are few more enjoyable ways of spending a holiday than "tramping it." There is a complete absence from worrying over time-tables of road, river, or rail, the day's journey can be made long or short, according to fancy; a halt can be called wherever a "spot to linger by" is found; while an uninteresting stretch can be hurried over by a timely spurt. There is no dread of luggage going astray, as the pedestrian carries his little all on his back, while he is continually making new discoveries of unexplored country districts, of quaint villages, of unknown trout streams, and of a thousand-and-one picturesque spots unknown to the ordinary tourist.

Then again, the queer folk must be taken into consideration—some of them professional rather than amateur tramps—whom he meets, and with whom he exchanges ideas—more be it said, as a rule, to his amusement than to his instruction. Moreover, the curious legends and folk-lore which he picks up, with, perhaps, more solid curiosities in the shape of a bit of china or an old engraving, all combine to make up the charm of a walking tour, and to cause the holiday trotter at the end of his fortnight's tramp to look upon the train back to town as an avenging Nemesis of civilisation.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION

See page 263.

NOTE.—We omitted to acknowledge the name of Mr. H. W. Macdonald as the photographer from whose photographs were taken our illustrations of Salt Lake City in No. 821.



MR. GLADSTONE arrived with the *Sunbeam* in the Moray Firth on Tuesday, and before landing at Fort George Ferry, addressed the crew in a farewell speech, thanking them and Sir Thomas Brassey most cordially for all that had been done to make the voyage pleasant and safe. He took the train to Aberdeen, en route to Fasque, Kincardineshire, the seat of his eldest brother, Sir Thomas Gladstone, a staunch Conservative, to whom he is paying a brief visit. He was warmly cheered at the stations along the line. Mr. Gladstone's own account of himself, given to the Lord Provost of Aberdeen, was, "I am still a little hoarse, but am extremely well." Combining a compliment to the nation which he had left with one to that which he was rejoining, he described the Norwegians as "a very nice people, and very much like the Scotch."

THE GREAT ELECTORAL CAMPAIGN, preceding the decisive contest throughout the United Kingdom in November, has begun in good earnest with Lord Hartington's address to the new constituency of the Rossendale division of North Lancashire, for which he is a candidate. At the opening of a Liberal Club at Waterfoot he made a vigorous party speech, defending himself and his former colleagues, and criticising the parliamentary action of the Conservatives and the programme of the new Government, of which, as expounded by Lord Randolph Churchill, he said that it contains absolutely no legislation. Lord Hartington's own programme to be carried out if the Liberals return to office consisted of two items, Land Law Reform and Local Self-Government. The former he defined to be the removal of those restrictions which are placed by our laws, and the remains of feudalism, upon the disposal of land by its owners, and which had not been removed by Lord Cairns' Settled Estates Act, though he admitted the principle of that measure to be "excellent." At the same time, and with an obvious reference to certain proposals recently made by Mr. Chamberlain among others, Lord Hartington entered a provisional protest against the scheme for arbitrarily and forcibly redistributing the land among a larger number of persons than those who at present own it. As regards local self-government, he wished to simplify it, and to increase its power where it exists, and to organise it in a similar way where it does not exist, vesting in a single elective body in every district the powers now exercised by a number of them. Lord Hartington concluded with a spirited declaration that Mr. Parnell's scheme of a separate and independent legislation for Ireland was wholly inadmissible, and with the prediction that on this question party differences would be obliterated, and a practically united Parliament and country would impose a firm and decided veto upon proposals fatal and mischievous to the integrity of the Empire, and the prosperity of its people.

ADDRESSING on Tuesday the Liberals of the little Yorkshire town from which he derives his title, the Marquis of Ripon spoke hopefully of the prospects of his party at the General Election, and bantered the Conservatives in a tone rather unusual for so generally serious a statesman. He charged some of his political opponents with encouraging the farmers to expect a return to protection, which the Conservative leaders found themselves compelled to repudiate, and he told a story, which was at least amusing, of a candidate, not named, for a county constituency who, addressing its electors the other day, made the two frank admissions: "I should have liked to have said something about the duty on corn, but I have heard from London that I must not talk about it."

AN EXPRESSION OF DEEP REGRET that Sir Charles Warren has been superseded by Embody in a resolution moved by Sir T. F. Buxton, and carried unanimously, at a meeting of the South African Committee and of the Committee of the Aborigines' Protection Society, presided over by Sir W. M. Arthur, M.P. A letter was read from Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P. (who is seriously indisposed), in which he said that he greatly feared the undoing of the good which Sir C. Warren's mission had effected, and that much unnecessary expense would hereafter have to be incurred to set matters right again.

SIR HENRY HOLLAND is succeeded in the Financial Secretaryship of the Treasury by Sir Matthew White Ridley, one of the members for North Northumberland, who was Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department during the last two years of Lord Beaconsfield's government, and was at one time spoken of as a probable Conservative candidate for the Speakership.

FOLLOWING in this respect the example of his predecessor at the Home Office, Sir Richard Cross has appointed a working collier Inspector of Mines for the county of Durham.

A CIVIL LIST PENSION of 100*l.* has been conferred on the four sisters of the famous artist, the late John Leech.

THE RECURRENCE OF IRISH OUTRAGE, anticipated on the expiry of the Crimes Act, has begun with sufficient intensity to make the prospect for the coming winter alarming. In North Kerry cattle have been houghed, and their owners made by main force to swear that they would cease to work for some person obnoxious to the "moonlighters." Threats of death have been used to intimidate process-servers and tenants who paid their rents. Refusals to pay rents, even where they have been reduced by the Land Court, are

becoming once more frequent. The Bank of Ireland having declined to make certain advances for the resuscitation of the Munster Bank, its financial position was attacked in vindictive newspaper articles, causing a run upon it for gold in Tipperary. At Mullinavat, in Kilkenny, some of the tenants having refused to pay the rents claimed by the Land Court, a bailiff was sent to serve notices of ejectment, and was supported by a force of police. The chapel bell rang out a tocsin, and a mob, assembling from all parts, was so formidable and violent that the service of the writs was abandoned, though under any circumstances it would have been impossible, as, before the rioters had proceeded to the last extremities, it was discovered that, by some mischance, the writs had been left behind in Dublin. A misleading account of this episode in the proceedings having appeared in the Nationalist newspapers, Lord Carnarvon directed his secretary to write a letter to Captain Hamilton, the agent of the ejecting landowners, severely censuring him for allowing the bailiffs to proceed to the scene of action without the writs, and blaming him for the apparent triumph of mob law. The letter was not sent to Captain Hamilton direct, but to the Press, and it was in a newspaper that he first read it. Captain Hamilton gives what seems to be the conclusive reply, that the chief rioting had taken place before it was discovered that the bailiff had not the writs in his possession.

LORD CARNARVON'S conciliatory acts and words do not seem in the least to have mollified the Nationalist leaders. At the many meetings which the National League is holding to excite the people in view of the General Election the language used is, if possible, more violent than ever. At one of them Mr. Redmond, M.P., laughed at Lord Carnarvon for believing that the Irish could be got round by what he called "soft-sawder" and "fine talk." The Irish people, he said, "were not to be humbugged; and, whether they had to deal with the tyrant Spencer or a mealy-mouthed scheming man like Lord Carnarvon," their free Parliament they were determined to have.

AT A SPECIAL MEETING OF THE DUBLIN CORPORATION the freedom of the city has, with some pomp and ceremony, been bestowed on Dr. O'Doherty, one of the forty-six men convicted some time ago of treason felony, and sentenced to penal servitude. At the same meeting it was resolved to name after the famous Irish revolutionist, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, a new street which is being opened in Dublin.

ON TUESDAY in Dublin at a banquet given by the Lord Mayor to the members of the Irish parliamentary party, for the Crown, so many years surmounting the dais, was substituted a harp and sham-rock. Referring to the toast, "Ireland as a Nation," Mr. Parnell replied to Lord Hartington's declaration, given above, that all political parties would unite to reject the Repeal of the Union. He said that if it was rejected, Ireland would have to be governed as a Crown Colony without any parliamentary representation, and that this would simply lead to the concession of a Constitution similar to that which is enjoyed, with the good-will of England, by each and all of the larger colonies. Referring to the outrages in Kerry, already mentioned, he counselled moderation, and represented them as producing enormous evil to the cause of Irish nationality. At the same time he and those whom he addressed must do what in them lay to shield the helpless tillers of the soil from extermination and banishment during the coming winter.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, in his fifty-second year, of Mr. Sidney Locock, Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the Emperor of Brazil, fourth son of the late Sir Charles Locock, the distinguished physician; in his seventy-sixth year, of Sir James Walker, from 1868 to 1871 Governor of the Bahama Islands; in his forty-fifth year, of Lieutenant-Colonel C. E. Terrott, commanding the 1st Battalion of the Manchester Regiment, who, while with the Shropshire Light Infantry, served in the Egyptian campaign of 1882; of the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, Fellow of Lincoln College and Vicar of St. Michael, Oxford, favourably known in literature as the author of several works descriptive of Scandinavian countries, as an historian of German literature, and as the translator of Becker's "Gallus und Charila;" in his eighty-first year, of the Rev. W. J. Farnham, Bishop of Stortford, Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, an early friend of Cardinal Newman, whose "Parochial Sermons" he edited, and the translator and annotator of Chrysostom's "Homilies on the Epistle to the Ephesians;" in his sixty-seventh year, of Mr. Alfred Bigge, from 1854, when Brighton was first incorporated, to 1884 its respected Stipendiary Magistrate; suddenly, at Crieff, Perthshire, in his forty-ninth year, of the Rev. Anthony Steel, Senior Fellow and Tutor of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge; of Mr. Thomas Thornycroft, the sculptor; at the advanced age of ninety, of Mr. William Dilke, of Chichester, uncle of Sir Charles Dilke; at the age of eighty-five, of Hugh Brown, "the Ayrshire Poet," originally a hand-loom weaver, and afterwards for forty years a village schoolmaster, whose first noticeable poem, on the death of Lord Byron, appeared sixty years since. In later life he was dependent on the bounty of his friends, one of whom having brought his claim under the notice of Mr. Gladstone received in answer to the appeal a cheque for 50*l.*



THE performance of *As You Like It* at Stratford-on-Avon on Saturday last proved to be the most brilliant success yet achieved in connection with the SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL Theatre. No doubt the popularity of Miss Mary Anderson and the public curiosity to see that graceful actress in a part so captivating as Rosalind had not less to do with the brilliant aspect of the neat and brilliant little house at the rise of the curtain than the reverence of the spectator for the poet and the sacred associations of the place. But it is in vain to deny that a performance of one of the most imaginative of Shakespeare's plays, given amidst the scenes of his early and later life, and almost within a stone's throw of the very spot where the predilections of his youth induced him to settle down for the remainder of his days, was invested with a peculiar charm. Mr. Flower and his fellow-townswomen who have stood by the Memorial through good and evil report have at last their reward. Success, according to the proverb, has a habit of succeeding. Saturday's experience will be repeated, and it is more than probable that the time is at hand when our most distinguished actors and actresses will feel a pride in going down to Stratford on fit and proper occasions to take part in Shakespearian celebrations worthy of the name.

As to Saturday's performance, we could hardly give it with truth this high praise. Miss Anderson's Rosalind was interesting, as it was certain to be. We doubt, indeed, if she has ever been seen to more advantage than in the doublet and hose—if high buff boots worn over claret-coloured trunks may come under that designation. By the way, we may here remark that the word "hose" had in Elizabethan days a wider application to coverings of the lower limbs than it possesses in these times, so that it is not quite certain that Rosalind's "hose" were not, after all, gaiters—if not high boots. In all the lighter passages Miss Anderson's genuine youthful vivacity was full of charm; but after her wont she fails

somewhat in her attempt to reach a more serious vein. Mr. Forbes Robertson's Orlando was something wanting in passionate sincerity. Among the best of the other impersonations were Mr. Bellington's Audrey and Mr. J. S. Taylor's Touchstone.

Harbour Lights is to be the title of Messrs. Sims and Pettitt's new romantic drama at the ADELPHI. Its production is postponed for the present. As we have already announced, realistic scenes of life in the navy—not as the late Mr. T. P. Cooke knew it, but as it is in these days of torpedo boats, ironclads, and monitors—are to be the great feature of the piece. The cause of the indefinite postponement is the unexpectedly permanent success of the revival of *Arrah-na-Pogue*, which, thanks to the intrinsic merits of that pretty drama, the admirable acting, and the careful setting, seems more than likely to run for the remainder of the season.

Although matters have not yet assumed a very definite form we believe that there is foundation for the report that COVENT GARDEN Theatre is destined to be demolished in order to furnish space for an extension of the adjacent market; and that HER MAJESTY'S, if not doomed to pass away, is likely to assume a wholly new function.

Though *Never Too Late to Mend* is still in the bills of DRURY LANE, the preparations for Messrs. Pettitt and Harris's new drama are going busily on. The piece, which is to be known by the title of *Human Nature*, is likely to be produced about the middle of next month.

The LYCEUM Theatre, redecorated and hung throughout with curtains of amber silk, re-opens this evening. The holiday of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and their associates has been unusually brief. It will be observed that they have not been away this year on their customary provincial tour. The reason of this is simply the inexhaustible popularity of Mr. Will's *Olivia*—a beautiful play which could hardly be conceived to be more beautifully acted. Miss Ellen Terry's impersonation must ever live in the memory of playgoers as coming perhaps nearer to an ideally perfect rendering of a part distinguished by grace, tenderness, and pathos than anything that this, or probably any other, generation of playgoers has witnessed.

THE CANARY ISLANDS

THE Canary Islands can scarcely be said to have ever been discovered, for under the names of the Fortunate Islands, Garden of the Hesperides, and Isles of the Blest they have been alluded to by Homer, Hesiod, Pliny, and other classical authors. Little attention was given to them in more modern times. They seem to have lapsed from the memory of the civilised world until they were conquered and taken possession of by Spain in 1402. The tale relating how the simple-minded inhabitants were oppressed, ill-treated, and abused, is one of the saddest in history. Such was the energy of the bigoted conquerors that soon after the conquest the noble Guanches, as a distinct race, ceased to exist; but as the Spaniards of the islands to-day are finer in physique than those of the Peninsula, possessing also many generous qualities and a greater liberality of character, it is evident that all Guanche blood has not yet entirely died out.

The islands are volcanic in formation, and are all more or less seamed by deep gorges—*barrancos* they are called—which make travelling difficult and laborious. In the islands of Tenerife, Gran Canaria, and Lanzarote there are a few miles of road, but in the other four islands there is no track which can be designated by that title. Mules, donkeys, and horses are the beasts of burden, replaced in the two eastern islands, Lanzarote and Fuerteventura, by the camel. Canary birds still abound in the Archipelago, but are most plentiful in the island of Hierro, where flocks of thousands may be disturbed at any moment around the cisterns. Their song, in a wild state, is exquisitely sweet, far more melodious, and with less of the metallic tone, than have the cage-birds. The canary bird is naturally brownish-grey in colour, with a pale yellow breast, having altogether rather a dingy appearance. The archipelago abounds in features of interest. The five western islands are rich in scenery, at parts wild with fearful precipices, or smiling in gradual slopes, cultivated with vines, maize, potatoes, tobacco, and sugar. On the higher levels luxuriant ferns and mosses form a pleasing undergrowth in forests of pines, gigantic laurels, and sweet-smelling myrtles. The scenery in the centre of Palma, around the great crater, the Caldera, is particularly magnificent and sublime. The interior of Gran Canaria is rugged and wild, gigantic monoliths and jagged volcanic peaks making the scenery picturesque and impressive. Amongst such stern surroundings, at a height of 3,850 feet above the sea level, lies the interesting troglodyte village of Artenara. The caves, which are artificial, are square, well shaped, and dry, and are now some 237 in number, with an average of five inhabitants to each. The precipices of Hierro, 4,000 feet perpendicular, are awe-inspiring, whilst the prodigious luxuriance and exquisite scenery of the island of Gomera are its most striking features. The two islands nearer to the African coast are flatter than those of the western division, and abound in large tracts of land, where in good, that is rainy, seasons, immense quantities of grain are produced. The eight or nine craters in the south of Lanzarote, called incorrectly the *Burning Mountain*, are by no means extinct, and here, over considerable areas of ground, potatoes and eggs can be readily cooked by merely placing them about a foot deep in the soil.

Though all linked together as a Province of Spain, each island has its marked peculiarities of scenery and vegetation as well as distinct traits, habits, and accent of speech in its inhabitants. No venomous or noxious animals are found in any of the islands, and the people are remarkably quiet, contented, and law-abiding, as well as being hospitable. For a camping-out expedition there can hardly be found a country more suitable or pleasure-giving.

Tenerife is the best known of the seven inhabited islands forming the group, and the centre of interest as of locality on the island is the Peak. This volcano, though not so high as many famous mountains, is, perhaps, more imposing than any other, for standing alone in the sea, it rears its 12,200 feet of altitude direct from the sea level without any intervening ground to dwarf the effect. Our view of the Peak is taken from the south of the island, on the Cañadas, from which point only is the terminating crater prominently visible. Imagine a low-rimmed basin, with an inverted soda-water tumbler placed in the centre, and some idea is obtained of the structure of the Peak of Tenerife. The basin—the Cañadas—is the old crater at an elevation of 7,000 feet, whose vast dimensions, some eight miles in diameter, can scarcely be rivalled except in the moon. From this gigantic crater have flowed the various lava streams which at different periods have devastated the island. The inverted tumbler standing in the centre of this basin is the actual sugar-loaf, or culminating part of the Peak. The crater at the top is small, only some 300 feet in diameter, and about 60 feet deep, the ground being hot, moist, and full of small holes and cracks, from which acidulated vapours and steam break forth. Beautiful growths of sulphur crystals bedeck the ground of the interior, which at the north-eastern and northern sides is so hot as to be unpleasant for walking even when wearing thick-soled boots. The somewhat triangular white patch seen on the side of the sugar-loaf is not snow, but white pumice-stone. A single species of shrub—the retana, *Cytisus nubigenus*—grows in the Cañadas, and for some distance up the higher portion of the Peak.

The most peculiar production of the islands is the Dragon tree (*Dracano draco*). This is not to be compared to our forest trees,

for in reality it is merely a gigantic vegetable, a kind of enormous asparagus stalk, with a wonderful power of vitality and a remarkable slowness of growth. The leaves are long, narrow, and sword-like, and the resinous exudation from the trunk formed the dragon's blood of commerce, and seems to have been employed by the ancient Guanches for preserving their dead. The most famous specimen of this interesting vegetable has recently died of old age, and has been removed. It stood in the garden of the Marquesa de Sausal at Orotava, and after serving for Druidical purposes amongst the Guanches for centuries, was used by the Spaniards in 1493 as a chapel for Holy Mass—it being then hollow—and has since been visited by Humboldt and every other traveller to Tenerife. The largest specimen now extant is that of which we give an illustration. It stands just outside the gates of the cemetery, at the little steep village of Icod del Alto, and for age would almost compare with the late famous tree of Orotava. From the neighbouring village of Icod de los Vinos is obtainable the most majestic view of the Peak that the Island of Tenerife affords. From this side, however, the culminating crater is not visible, the mountain seeming to terminate in a point.

The well-to-do houses of the islands are Moorish in architecture, with few or no windows opening on the streets, but having the rooms arranged around an interior square or *patio*. Sometimes there is an elaborate wooden balcony running the length of the house, and overhanging the street. Such is the case at Don Juan Guardia's house in the Villa de Orotava, of which we give an illustration. It is composed of such well-seasoned and elaborately, even delicately, carved wood as to suggest the material being wrought iron. With doubtful taste the balcony has recently been painted green and white, picked out with yellow. The doorways of some of the old houses are carved in stone, being highly suggestive of the influence of the Moors. Such an entrance is that to a house in Laguna—an inland town of Tenerife—which is represented in the illustration. We also give a view of the church of Valverde, the capital of Hierro. The church is situated 1,750 feet above the sea. Its mosque-like dome is curiously painted in vivid blue and brick-red streaks. The interior of the edifice is plain, the walls being adorned with several roughly-painted sacred subjects by Machin, a native artist. Hierro is famous for having been selected by Cardinal Richelieu in 1634 as the meridian of the world.

The pursuits of the Canarians are almost solely agricultural. Cochineal used to be the most valuable crop, but owing to the aniline dyes having reduced its value from 5s. per pound to 9d. or 10d., it is no longer remunerative. Cereals, sugar, maize, tobacco, and wine now occupy the attention of the inhabitants. Oxen are the animals chiefly employed for agricultural purposes, and we give an illustration of an oxen cart used for bringing tobacco-leaves or sugar-cane from the fields.



I.

ONE of the most ably and eloquently-written studies of General Gordon's character which has yet been published appears in this month's *Fortnightly*, under the title, "The Youngest of the Saints." The writer is "Lucas Malet," who has brought to the task a rare combination of enthusiasm and discrimination.—Mr. F. C. Burnand, in "Councils and Comedians," treats of the history of the relations which have existed from century to century between the Roman Catholic Church and players. The behaviour of the French clergy to Molière's remains he attributes entirely to Monseigneur Harlay, who, with others, was annoyed by the bitter satire directed against the clergy in *Tartuffe*.—The Hon. Mrs. F. Jeune handles with much tact a delicate question in "Saving the Innocents."

The *Contemporary* opens with an article by Dr. W. H. Russell, who asks in pure bewilderment, "Why Did We Depose Ismail?" He denounces strongly the measures which withdrew into private life the ex-Khédive. He defends that prince from much of the reckless vilification of which he has been a victim.—Mr. Charles Marvin writes well on a question which he thoroughly understands, when he enunciates "A Short, Plain Policy for Afghanistan." He would establish an Anglo-Afghan frontier cordon, under the control of English officers, as most likely to hinder a Russian advance farther into Afghanistan.—In Mr. Healy's paper, "The Advance Towards Home Rule," there is a not unnatural tone of exultation, while he discusses a problem which, in his view, is ripe for settlement.

Perhaps the most interesting contribution to this month's *National Review* is "My Lecturing Tour in England," by Arminius Vambéry. This gentleman was delighted with the warmth of the reception accorded to him. He was fairly driven home to Buda-Pesth by the strain imposed upon his energies by British hospitality. Continental scoffers he is good enough to think "have greatly underrated the strength and power of the nation of shopkeepers."—Commander Lovett Cameron speculates in an interesting fashion on "The Future of the Soudan." This country may be won for civilisation if vigorously taken in hand by a company composed of men of the type of those who have helped to found the Free State of the Congo.

In the *North American Review* "Ouida" gives to the world her ideas on the "Tendencies of English Fiction." She sees nothing but decadence in our literature, corresponding to a decline in our Imperial greatness. The late "Hugh Conway" she singles out for special attack, and can find no good thing to say about either *Called Back* or *A Family Affair*. Of the English *bourgeois*, whom she holds largely responsible for our deficiencies, she speaks with unmeasured contempt.—Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in "The Great Psychological Opportunity," warmly advocates the cause of Spiritualism; but still sadly laments that "the Darwin of the science of the soul is yet to be."

A new serial by Mr. Henry James, entitled "The Princess Casamassima," opens the *Atlantic Monthly*. It promises well.—Mr. S. J. Barrow describes amusingly in "A Diplomatic Episode" an attempt made by enterprising Americans to annex the island of Alto Velo, off the coast of San Domingo. Their failure was entirely due to revelations contained in sixteenth-century maps.—We can congratulate Miss Angelina Teal on the humour and charm of her short story "Mining for a Mastodon."

The frontispiece of the *English Illustrated Magazine* is a fine engraving, by C. Steller, from Mrs. Alma Tadema's painting, "The Birthday."—Mr. Bernard H. Becker conveys much useful information about the Potteries in "China-Making at Stoke-on-Trent;" while Mr. S. Miller describes effectively the scenery of East Anglia in "The Great Fen," an article illustrated by Mr. R. W. Macbeth.—Andrée Hope's story, "Beneath the Dark Shadow," based on the mysteries of Nihilistic intrigue, is powerfully written in parts; but comes to an abrupt conclusion.

The *Naval and Military Gazette*, while replete with matter more exclusively attractive to those engaged in the business of war, has commenced a series of papers on "Foreign Armies" which, at a time when so much attention is being given to the question of our preparations to meet all emergencies, should prove of general interest. The first paper deals with "The Italian Army" and its organisation. "A Recollection of the Campaign in Central India," by "Sabreur," is a brilliant sketch of war as it really is when seen through the medium of a cavalry charge.



A RIDE of 182 miles in 17½ hours has just been accomplished by an Austrian nobleman, Count Paul Festetics. He used four horses during his ride.

A NATIONAL GORDON MEMORIAL is to be erected in Melbourne by public subscription. A large meeting was recently held at the Melbourne Town Hall to further the scheme, and even the children in the State schools are contributing towards the statue.

A HISTORIC THAMES SPOT is to be sold this month—the Ankerwyke estate, which lies between Staines and Datchet, and includes Magna Charta Island, where King John signed the famous Charter. Ankerwyke was a Benedictine priory in the reign of Henry II., and in after years, according to tradition, Henry VIII. courted Anne Boleyn under a huge yew tree, still standing in the grounds.

THE LATE EARTHQUAKES IN BENGAL are positively ascribed by some of the native journals to the sins of their European rulers. One vernacular organ points out that the shocks only affected places within the jurisdiction of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, and adds: "Among the opponents of Sir Rivers Thompson there are many superstitious people of opinion that the earthquake indicates that the earth cannot any longer bear his administration."

INTERNATIONAL SPITE has roughly ended the voyage in a paper canoe to which we referred some weeks back. A young Frenchman had sailed from Paris round the Swiss lakes to the source of the Danube, and thence to the Rhine on his way home. On reaching Cologne, however, some patriotic Germans took offence at the French flag flying over the *Qui Vive*, and destroyed the unlucky little canoe.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY at South Kensington closed on Monday. Whilst awaiting a safer permanent home the pictures have gone to Bethnal Green, except two of the largest works, which are placed in the National Gallery. These are the picture of the interior of old Somerset House during the 1604 Conference, and the view of the House of Commons in 1793, lately presented by the Emperor of Austria.

PETRIFIED HUMAN EYEBALLS seem somewhat ghastly trinkets, yet, according to the *American Register*, Western belles are going crazy over these novel ornaments. They are the orbs of the ancient Peruvians, preserved by some process now unknown, and are said to be of a beautiful tender green hue, flashing like an opal. At night, however, they lose their colour, and become dull and heavy. The eyeballs look well set in a signet ring or hanging to a watch chain, and are also worn in brooches and bracelets.

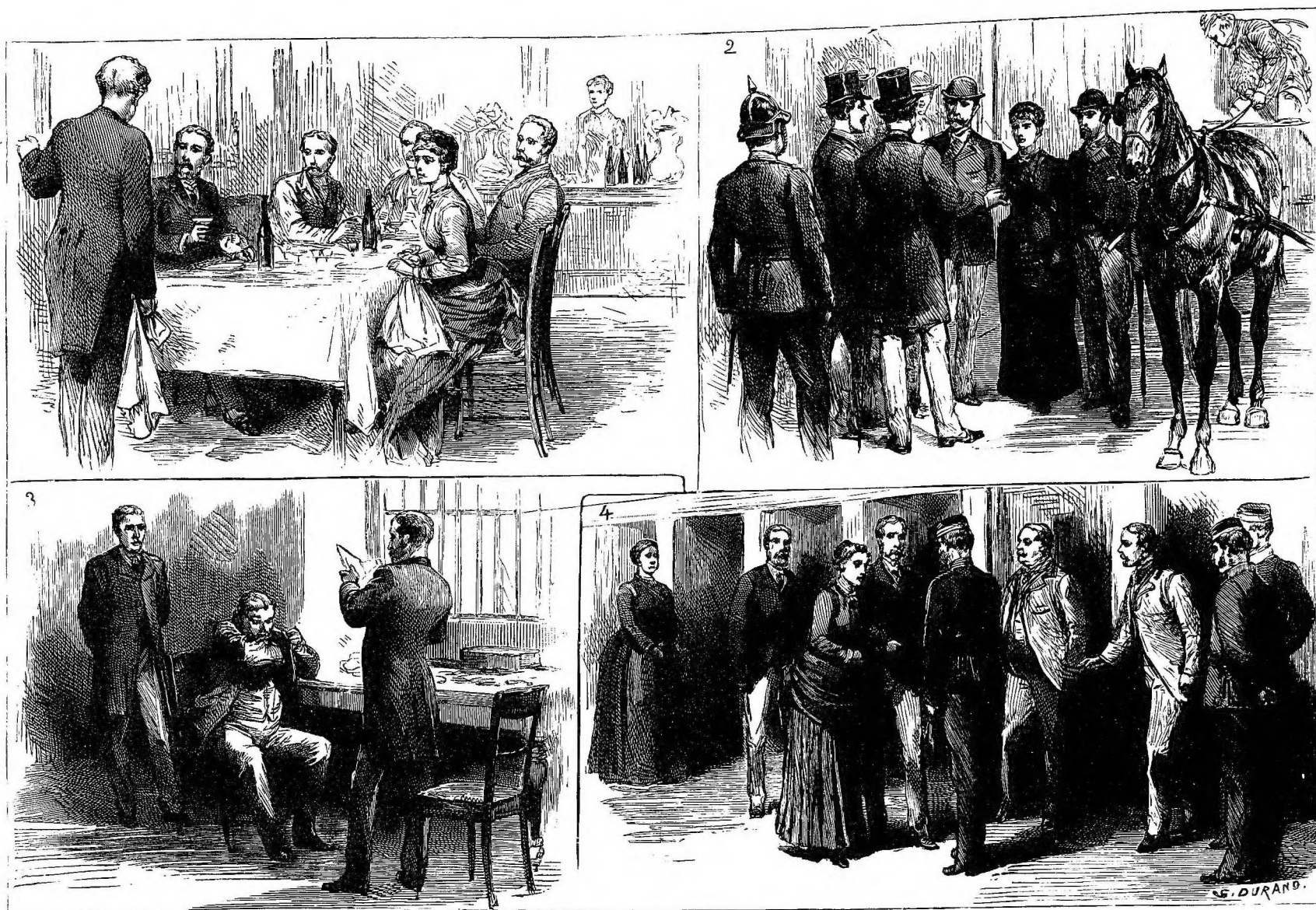
TOURISTS who throw away the cheap novels and periodicals which have amused them while travelling, may well be reminded to send their waste literature to the ever-useful Kyrle Society, which has now organised a "Literature Distribution Branch." Such contributions are carefully distributed among hospitals, homes, workhouses, &c., and give the greatest pleasure, whether they are of general interest or of a technical character. Surely it can be no very great trouble for each traveller to send "just one book" to the hon. sec. of the above branch, at the Society's headquarters, 14, Nottingham Place, London, W.

THE "MOWER" is the latest type of Gallic dandy. His name arises from his habit of swinging his cane like a scythe, steadily and regularly as he walks along. He gets himself up in the true rural style, with a broad-brimmed straw hat pulled over his eyes, wide trousers, large shoes with flat heels, and no gloves. Usually the "mowers" stroll in trios or quartettes, mowing in perfect time with their canes, smiling but saying little, and they dine together in some room hung with pictures of rustic scenes. The mower, however, is an improvement on his predecessor, the affected "pschutteux" or "grelotteux," as he vigorously pursues athletic exercise, and cultivates robust health.

WILLIAM TELL'S EXISTENCE is still firmly believed in, even in these modern sceptical days, by the dwellers on the borders of the Lake of Lucerne. They point to the Tell's Chapel in the "narrow way" at Kussnacht where Tell shot the tyrant Gessler, and the sister-building by the lake-side at Tell's Platte, where the Swiss patriot escaped from the Austrians' power, as proof of the reality of their hero, and a comical sign of their belief was lately given to some tourists. A party were crossing from Brunnen to visit the classic Grütli, where the Swiss swore to free their country, when one of the passengers addressed a companion as Baron von Gessler. The boatman who was rowing stopped horrorstricken and cried out, "I would not have a Gessler in my boat for a hundred francs." So he brought the boat round, rowed back to Brunnen, and turned out Herr Gessler and his party in spite of all their protests.

LONDON MORTALITY again slightly decreased last week, and 1,371 deaths were registered against 1,473 during the previous seven days, a decline of 102, being 155 below the average, and at the rate of 17·5 per 1,000. These deaths included 5 from small-pox (a rise of 1), 55 from measles (an increase of 17), 12 from scarlet fever, 14 from diphtheria (a rise of 1), 45 from whooping-cough (an increase of 2), 14 from enteric fever (a decline of 1), 3 from ill-defined forms of fever (an increase of 2), 121 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a fall of 42), 6 from simple cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (a decrease of 1), and not one from typhus fever. Deaths from diseases of the respiratory organs increased to 201 from 165, and were 36 above the average. Different forms of violence caused 52 deaths, 46 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 19 from fractures and contusions, 7 from burns and scalds, 4 from drowning, 19 from poison, and 7 of infants under one year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide occurred. There were 2,413 births registered against 2,535 during the previous week, being 276 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 57·6 deg., and 3·3 deg. below the average. The duration of registered bright sunshine in the week was 25·7 hours against 40·3 hours at Glynde Place, Lewes.

KING LOUIS OF BAVARIA'S MONETARY DIFFICULTIES sorely perplex his counsellors; and no wonder, considering the extravagant sums lavished on his theatrical vagaries. The Austrian actress, Madame Wolter, gives a correspondent of the *Paris Figaro* a curious account of the solitary representations in which the King delights. He insists that each piece shall be most gorgeously mounted, and himself inspects the designs of the scenery, costumes, and every minute accessory. Moreover, he will not allow the players to appear in any dresses they have worn before the ordinary public, and nearly came to dire grief with Madame Wolter because she rebelled against this condition. The performance begins at midnight, when the King arrives through a private passage guarded by silent soldiers. He enters a dark box in the centre of the theatre, which is only illumined by the footlights, and the curtain rises immediately, as no one dares keep His Majesty waiting. The actors are obliged to be perfectly mute when off the stage, and even the scene-shifters wear felt slippers, lest they should disturb the performance. At the close the players remain motionless on the stage while the King sits awhile in meditation, then a bell informs them that their audience has departed, and that they may move and speak. Finally, the Court Chamberlain brings the chief actress a bouquet from the King, and dictates to her the customary letter of thanks which must be despatched at once.

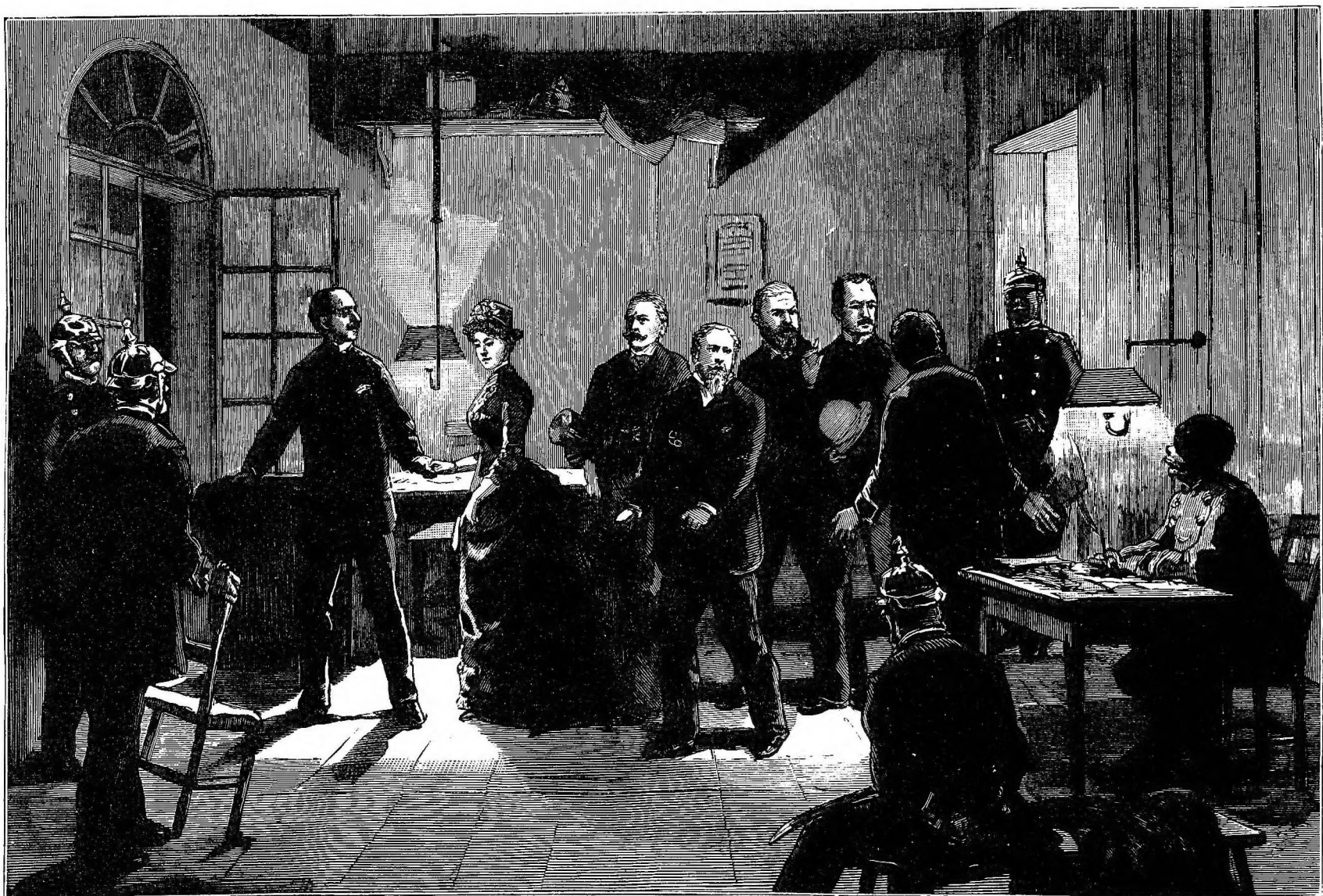


1. At the Café Casino, Frankfort—The Waiter telling Mr. Wimble that He was Wanted Outside

2. Outside the Café Casino—The Arrest of Major Harding, Miss Harding, and Mr. Wimble by German Detectives

3. After the Arrest—Detectives Examining Mr. Glover's Papers

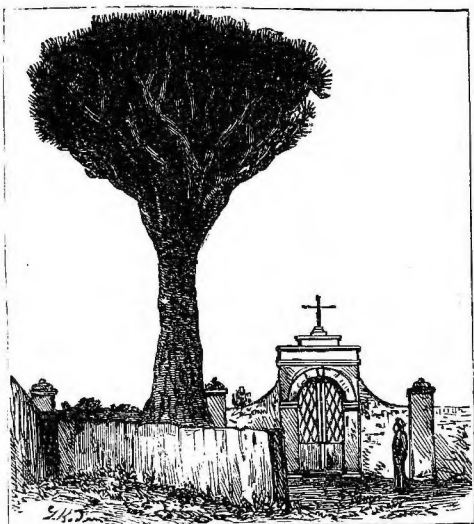
4. In the Corridor of the Prison—Release of the Prisoners



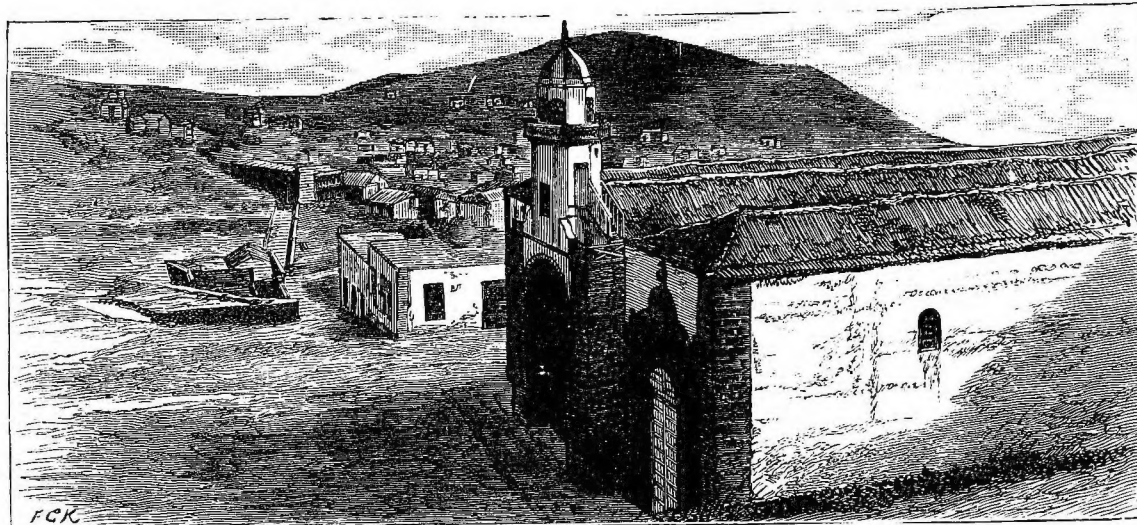
MR. GOLDBECK, BRITISH VICE-CONSUL AT FRANKFORT, CONDUCTING THE PRISONERS OUT OF THE JAIL

THE ARREST OF ENGLISH TOURISTS AT FRANKFORT, GERMANY

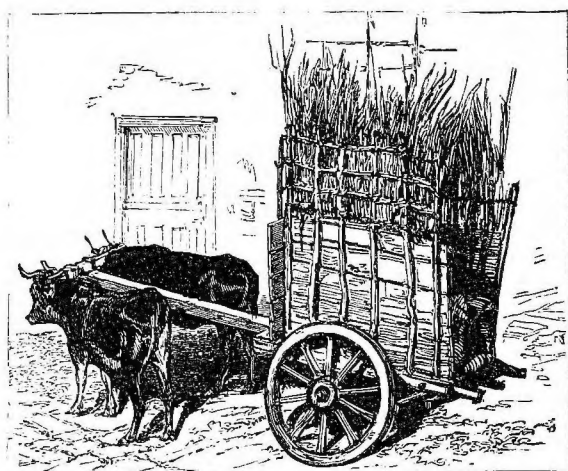
FROM SKETCHES SUPPLIED BY THE IMPRISONED TOURISTS



FAMOUS DRAGON TREE, ICOD DEL ALTO



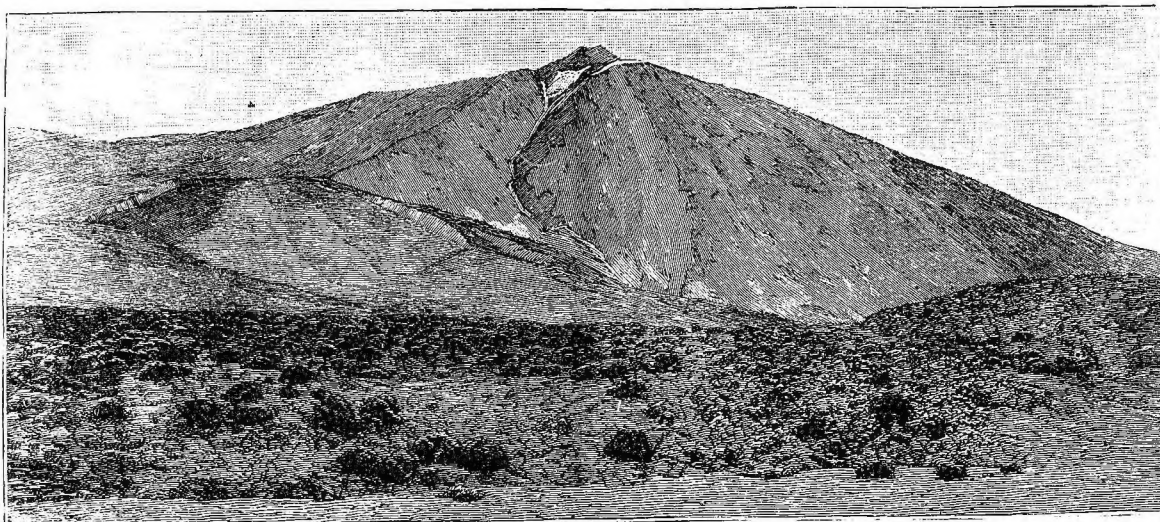
VALVERDE CHURCH, FERRO



OXEN AND CART, LAGUNA, TENERIFE



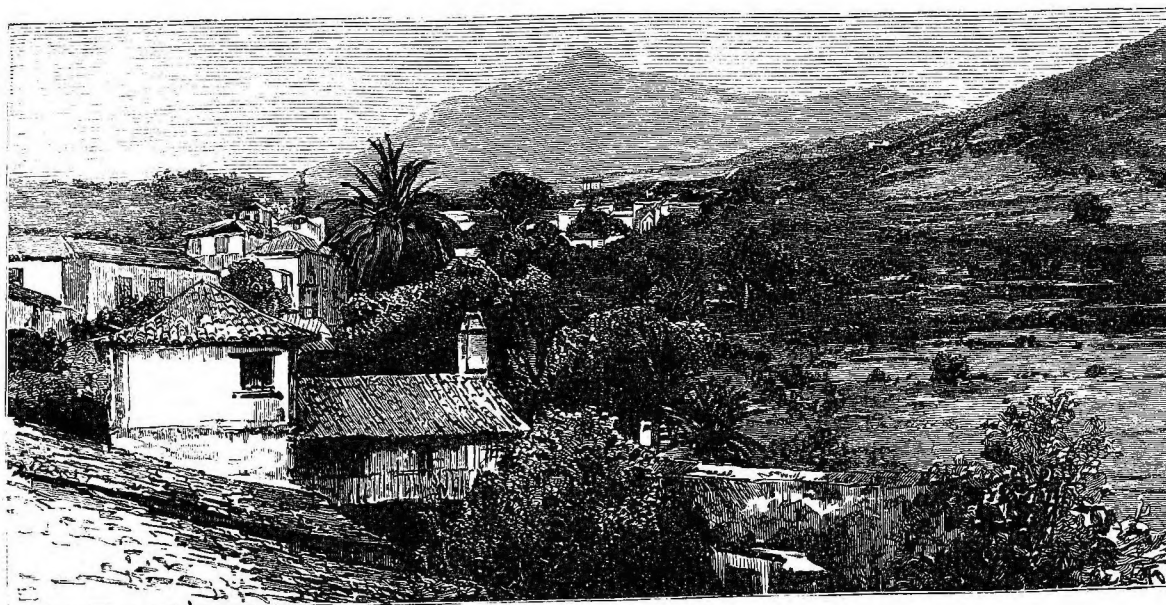
TURNBULL'S HOTEL, PUERTO DE OROTAVA, TENERIFE



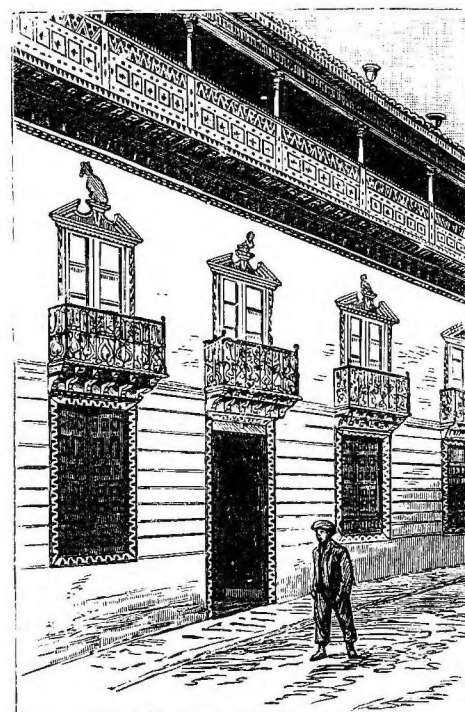
THE PEAK OF TENERIFE, FROM THE CANADAS ON THE SOUTH



ENTRANCE TO AN OLD HOUSE, LAGUNA, TENERIFE



THE PEAK OF TENERIFE FROM ICOD DE LOS VINOS



ELABORATE WOODEN BALCONY, VILLA DE OROTAVA



THE British Mission to TURKEY was formally inaugurated on Saturday, when Sir H. Drummond Wolff was received by the Sultan. The British Message was brief and practical. After referring to the former friendship between England and the Sultan's family, the Queen expressed her desire to end the existing complications in Egypt in conjunction with His Majesty, and to establish affairs on a satisfactory basis, tending alike to secure the recognition of the Sultan's rights, the welfare of the Egyptian people, and to protect the interests of England and other nations. Her Majesty, therefore, hoped that the Sultan would nominate suitable persons to discuss these questions with her special Envoy, who was already known to His Majesty. The Sultan's reply was colourless, though cordial, and was mainly a categorical comment on the Queen's Note. He promised, nevertheless, shortly to nominate his representatives to open the negotiations, and further gave Sir Henry a private audience next day, when he was equally affable. Still, little can be gathered from these signs, and opinion is greatly divided in Constantinople as to the success of the Mission. Personally the Sultan is believed to be satisfied with the present aspect of the Mission, as during the audiences Sir Henry made no allusion to any Anglo-Turkish Alliance. His Majesty, it is thought, neither approves a Turkish expedition to the Soudan nor a joint occupation, but wishes England to fix the term of her withdrawal. The negotiations will begin at once, as the Sultan has appointed Assym Pasha, the Foreign Minister, and Kiamil Pasha to confer with the British Envoy.

While the fate of EGYPT is thus under consideration, there is little stirring in the country itself. The strength of the rebels at Dongola seems to have been much exaggerated, and moreover the force is composed of most disorganised and heterogeneous elements. So far the present the Mahdists are not dangerous, and loyal Egyptians have spent their energies on affectionately greeting their Sovereign during his tour through the Delta, while on their side the Europeans at Alexandria made a demonstration before the Khedive to thank him for the settlement of the indemnities.

The echoes of the Imperial meeting at Kremsier have not yet died away. The whole affair passed off without a single hitch, and the Emperors of AUSTRIA and RUSSIA parted with the utmost signs of affection, their last words being "Au revoir, à bientôt." Both the Czar and his counsellors looked far happier and contented on leaving than on their arrival, and this circumstance is construed as a sign that Russia had obtained some important assurance from Austria, generally interpreted as a promise to ensure Turkish neutrality in the event of an Anglo-Russian conflict. M. de Giers indeed has since been loud in his announcements of peace and good will towards all Powers, declaring that the meeting was the best pacific guarantee possible, and a clear proof of the continuance of the Triple Alliance. This statement was supported by a telegram from the two Sovereigns to the Emperor William, remarking that they considered him present with them in spirit. The Russian press follow their Minister's lead in jubilant comments, but the Austrian journals, with very few exceptions, have not changed their sceptical tone, which is in distinct opposition to the satisfaction shown in official circles.

Both Austrian and Russian Sovereigns have now resumed their home duties, and whilst Emperor Francis Joseph is attending the autumn manoeuvres, which are unusually elaborate this year, the Czar and Czarina have visited Kieff in great state. Thus, as the interest in the movements of Russia in Europe has subsided, attention is again turned to Russia in Asia. Once more the rumour is current of the Czar's coronation as Emperor of Central Asia next year at Samarkand. By that time the Trans-Caspian Railway will be opened past Merv to Burdali, and possibly to Bokhara, so the Czar will take the opportunity to visit the Shah and the Khan of Khiva, making a triumphal progress through Central Asia. The Ameer of Bokhara does not seem inclined to receive his Russian Majesty, and has sent an Envoy to St. Petersburg, announcing that he will abdicate in favour of his second son, Turani Khan. The Czar's journey, however, depends on the completion of the railway, which now goes on apace. Such rumours keep up a lively feeling on the Indian frontier, though for a time the AFGHAN question seems absolutely at rest.

Not that public feeling in INDIA puts much faith in the permanency of the present quietude. It is felt that the crisis is only postponed, considering the steady war preparations of Russia and the scant reliance to be placed on the Afghans. So the Government is warmly urged not to relax precautions, but specially to look to the defence of the seaports, and increase the Indian squadron, which at present is small and inefficient. Present circumstances thus lend particular interest to the coming Punjab manoeuvres, which are to be carried out on an extensive scale with two opposing forces, each 13,000 strong. Frontier troubles on the other side of the Empire—in Bhootan—grow worse, for the rebel chief, Tongsa-Penlo, has effectually routed the Deb Rajah, or temporal ruler, who is now applying for assistance. Among domestic matters, the state of agriculture in Bombay is being studied by a Special Commission, and the Governor promises that the villagers' ancient rights and customs shall be strictly respected.

The quarrel between GERMANY and SPAIN about the Caroline Islands assumes very serious proportions. Gathering like a snowball the popular agitation in Spain has well-nigh passed beyond Government control, and promises to create grave domestic troubles, if foreign complications are averted. Keen to see the advantage of a popular cry, the Revolutionary party take up the dispute as concerning the national honour, and force the Government to play their game. Indignation meetings have been held all over the kingdom—several, indeed, resulting in serious disturbance—public subscriptions are being raised for defensive purposes, and many important Spanish houses threaten to withdraw from all business relations with Germany. This threat produces a Teutonic sneer to the effect that the Spanish merchants must pay their debts first. Meanwhile it is rumoured that the Spanish gunboats have reached the Carolines and hoisted the national flag on Yap and the chief islands, but as yet the news is not officially confirmed. King Alfonso and his Ministers strive to check the public outcry by announcing that Germany is disposed to consider Spanish claims in a friendly spirit, and Germany herself now offers to submit the question to arbitration. The German Press cites numerous geographical authorities in support of the Teutonic pretensions; and it is evident that the present manifestation of Spanish patriotic feeling was decidedly unexpected. Not that the Germans seem in the least checked in their colonial aspirations. It is now reported that they have taken the Marshall Islands, to the east of the Carolines, while they are still very busy asserting claims in Zanzibar, and are much annoyed at the report that Italy has occupied the Island of St. John's, on the north of the Zanzibar coast. Altogether Germany is in a very dictatorial mood just now, witness her arbitrary expulsion of the Austrian and Russian Poles from Eastern Prussia. Many of these unlucky Poles had settled down peacefully for years past, and were carrying on a lucrative business, but they are turned out on the shortest notice, and, as they cannot wind up their business in the given time, they will be utterly ruined. This

tyranny is bitterly resented in Austria, while the Russians retaliate by trying to suppress the German language in the Baltic provinces. Little interest in the matter is taken by the Teutonic public, who are much more occupied by the opening of the autumn manoeuvres and by the celebration of the Sedan anniversary on Wednesday, when the Emperor reviewed the Guards as usual, although for the first time he was not on horseback, but in a carriage.

To revert to SPAIN, the cholera epidemic, though still grievously severe, has taken a slight turn for the better. This week's returns show a steady decrease on the former numbers, and on Tuesday 3,062 fresh cases and 1,053 deaths were registered. Still, altogether nearly 96,000 persons have succumbed to the disease, and some districts are almost depopulated. Unfortunately, too, the disease seems to have taken hold on the Spanish lines at Gibraltar. People, however, are becoming more sensible and ready to act with system, so that with cooler weather it is hoped that the plague may now abate. Not so in Southern FRANCE. True, the deaths are not very high in Marseilles—20 on Wednesday—and the inhabitants continue their usual avocations without any panic; but the epidemic is spreading at Toulon, where shops are closed and fugitives crowd the railway stations. Cases have occurred all round the neighbourhood, and refugees also have evidently taken the infection into Italy. Thus, despite all precautions, the cholera has appeared at Trivio, some fifty miles north of Naples, and other small places, as well as in Sicily, but not to any great extent; and as the authorities bought their experience dearly last year, it is hoped that the infection will be strictly limited. Besides importing cholera from over the Spanish frontier, France is also likely to be grievously infected by her troops from the East, as a Government transport from the Pescadores has passed Singapore with forty passengers cholera-stricken.

But FRANCE is still absorbed in the Pain squabble, which at last is beginning to weary all except M. Rochefort and his Socialist friends. Now the present French Government and moderate parties in general are united with England as subjects of abuse, and at another grand protestation meeting in Paris, where M. Rochefort duly appeared this time, the blame was as freely cast on the French Cabinet as on the English. Columns of accusations and denials still fill the Paris Press, and Major Kitchener's straightforward statements stand side by side with M. Selikovitch's effusions, while the moderate journals are gradually perceiving the absurdity of the agitation. Nevertheless a semi-official communication has been issued, announcing that the French Government is making the necessary investigations, and has asked England to furnish all possible information. It is evident that the Socialists are trying to turn the Pain incident into an electoral cry against the weakness of the present French Government, as election manoeuvres are just now the aim and end of all Gallic parties. Undaunted by the abuse of the past few months, M. Jules Ferry is vigorously stamping the South-west, and his very daring wins him support, though he meets with a good many evidences of unpopularity. He holds firmly to his colonial policy, maintaining that Tonkin, once expanded, will prove most valuable, and that France has now only to develop, not to extend her colonial possessions. Further, he pronounces against the abolition of the Public Worship Budget, while he appeals to all Moderates to support the Republic against the Monarchists. At present M. Ferry has the field almost to himself, M. Clémenceau being still ill; but the Royalists and Imperialists have published a violent manifesto enumerating the sins of the Republicans and the injury they have caused the country, by war, heavy monetary expenses, and domestic tyranny.

PARIS has welcomed the remains of Admiral Courbet with great signs of mourning. A splendid funeral service took place at the Invalides, whence the body went to Abbeville for final interment, while the other Tonkinese victims were commemorated by a grand service at Notre Dame. The capital is awakening from the dead season, theatres have reopened, and there are several theatrical novelties, chiefly revivals, such as Casimir Delavigne's comedy, *Don Juan d'Autriche*, at the Français, Rotrou's tragedy, *Venceslas*, at the Odéon, and Audran's comic opera, *Le Grand Mogul*, at the Gaité.

Amongst MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS a violent controversy rages in ITALY respecting the supply of information to the Press by Government officials. The arrest of the Roman editor, Des Dorides, and the brothers Vecchi, both in State employ, for providing too full information of the national Naval Defences, amply illustrates the abuse of the practice, and a Ministerial circular strongly warns Government officials against tampering with State secrets.—After the excitement of last autumn's electoral campaign in the UNITED STATES this year's elections of the State Governors are felt to be very tame, and excite little interest, save in New York and Ohio, where the Democrats hold the upper hand. Government circles are mostly occupied with the Austrian diplomatic difficulty, and it seems probable that if Secretary Bayard does not insist on maintaining Mr. Keiley's appointment to Vienna, the post will be kept empty for some time as a mark of displeasure. Charleston is counting the cost of her cyclone, which did damage to the amount of 338,000£, and extended along the Southern Coasts, causing grievous wrecks and loss of life.—Much discontent exists in NEWFOUNDLAND at the arbitrary conduct of the French fishermen, who, in virtue of the treaty concluded after the Peace of Utrecht, encroach upon the coast, and absorb all the fishery, to the great injury of the Newfoundlanders themselves.—Recent accounts from SOUTH AFRICA show a most unsatisfactory state of affairs in Basutoland. The President of the Orange Free State complains bitterly to Sir H. Robinson of the anarchy prevailing, and points out that peace and order are impossible without a firm and permanent rule. Meanwhile President Brand is entertaining Sir C. Warren at Bloemfontein, on his way home, it being officially announced that the Special Commissioner is recalled because his task is accomplished.



THE Queen takes her customary daily walks and drives in the Highlands with Princess Beatrice, while Prince Henry of Battenberg and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse go out deer-stalking, and in the evening the members of the Royal Family staying in the neighbourhood usually join Her Majesty at dinner. On Saturday, the Queen drove through Braemar, and in the evening Princess Frederica of Hanover and her husband dined with Her Majesty. Next day the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Balmoral, where the Rev. A. Campbell officiated, and later the Duchess of Albany, Sir R. Cross, and the Rev. A. Campbell joined the Royal circle at dinner. Prince Christian Victor arrived on a visit to Her Majesty on Monday, and next day the Queen and Prince and Princess Henry received deputations from Edinburgh and Glasgow, who presented congratulatory addresses on the Royal marriage. Prince Henry of Battenberg has been appointed Honorary Colonel of the 5th Volunteer Battalion of the Hampshire Regiment, or Princess Beatrice's Isle of Wight Volunteers.

The Prince of Wales concluded his Norwegian tour on Tuesday. The Prince is now at Stockholm on a visit to King Oscar, and is expected at Copenhagen on Monday to join the Princess and

daughters coming from Austria, with the Queens of Denmark and Hanover and the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland. The Princess and her relatives left Gmunden on Monday, and spent a short time at Ischl on their road to Denmark.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and their family left the Isle of Wight at the end of last week for Eastwell Park. The Duke followed on Monday. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have gone to Germany. The stormy weather delayed them in starting from Sheerness in the *Pictoria* and *Albert*, and the gale continued so high in the North Sea that the Royal yacht was obliged to give up going to Hamburg as intended, and landed her passengers at Antwerp. Princess Christian is at Homburg for the waters, and Prince Christian on leaving Darmstadt is shortly expected at Berlin, with the view, it is believed, of arranging for the entrance of one of his sons into the German army.—The King of the Belgians has been privately visiting the Channel ports.



BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL (From Our Special Correspondent).—Taking up the record of the Festival from Thursday morning, we have first to report a novel and very excellent performance of *Messiah*, under Herr Hans Richter. The special point of novelty was the total abandonment of the vast array of alterations of Handel's music, and interpolations of brass and other instruments, introduced by various conductors in this country. Sir Michael Costa was the greatest offender in this respect, and many critics have for years past protested in vain against such inartistic and unnecessary tamperings with the music of the Saxon master. Herr Richter instead chose the revised version of Robert Franz, which, if not absolutely perfect, is at any rate far superior to that now in use. Opinions may be divided upon the question whether the unaccompanied recitatives should be accompanied by all the strings, as Franz directs, or by the piano, the modern equivalent for the harpsichord which Handel used; but all parties agree that the ugly scrapings of 'cello and double bass, to which our ears have been accustomed, are indefensible. "He shall feed His flock" is now restored to the soprano, and "But who may abide" to the bass, while the beautiful second part ("The corruptible shall put on incorruption") to "The trumpet shall sound" is once more revived. There are multitudinous minor changes, nearly all for the better, and although the *tempi* do not materially differ from those now familiar, yet such alterations as the acceleration of speed in the "Pastoral Symphony" are decided improvements. Herr Richter and Madame Albani appeared to differ as to the pace at which "I know that my Redeemer" should be taken; but the other artists, Miss Anna Williams, Mrs. Hutchinson, Madame Patey, Messrs. Maas and Foli seemed to accept the new readings with due facility. The chorus singing was remarkably good, and the entire performance was of a most interesting character.

On Thursday evening Herr Antonin Dvorák conducted the first performance of his cantata, *The Spectre's Bride*. This is the first choral work of large dimensions written by the distinguished Bohemian composer for an English festival, and it undoubtedly was the success of the week. At the outset the affair appeared to hang fire. The prayer of the maiden for the restoration to life of her dead lover (although charmingly sung by Madame Albani), and the miracle which ensued, were too absurd for the tastes of an audience not entirely free from a sense of the ludicrous. Herr Dvorák, who has had little experience as a conductor, failed at first to obtain a grip of his forces. But directly the dramatic portion of the cantata was reached, the power of the music seemed to infect both executants and people. Rarely has the interest of a festival audience been more strongly engaged than in the awful march of the spectre and his bride. The beautiful duets which from time to time relieved the choral narrative only enhanced their force, and the cantata ended amid a veritable scene of enthusiasm. *The Spectre's Bride* fully justifies the expectation of those who were prepared to welcome in Herr Dvorák a great and original genius, and substantiates his position among the foremost composers of the present day.

Dr. Bridge's setting of Mr. Gladstone's Latin version of Toplady's familiar hymn "Rock of Ages" followed. It is the work of a thoroughly conscientious musician, and, as befits its subject, is dignified rather than complex in character. Save for a baritone soloist the setting is entirely choral, and at the words "When I rise to worlds unknown," an excellent fugue is started.

On Friday Herr Richter conducted the first performance of Dr. Villiers Stanford's new oratorio, *The Three Holy Children*, decidedly the finest Festival work the young Irish composer has given us. The best portion of the oratorio is in the first part, where the Psalm "By the Waters of Babylon" is set as a dramatic dialogue and scene between some Jewish female captives and a party of brutal Assyrian soldiers. The Hebrew captives refuse to sing the songs of Zion in a strange land, and the soprano soloist (Miss Anna Williams) fiercely turns upon her tormentors with the remarkable prophecy, "Happy shall he be that rewardeth thee as thou hast served us." The part ends with a Handelian fugue, so admirably written that the audience grew excited, stopped the performance, and called the composer from his seat in the gallery to the platform. After the pagan chorus of the worshippers of Bel there is a falling off, and the trios of the three holy children and their trial in the burning fiery furnace are wanting in dramatic interest. A long and feeble tenor solo, sung by Mr. Maas, does not greatly improve matters. But at the conclusion of the oratorio there is a fine double chorus in the Handelian style which again shows Dr. Stanford at his strongest.

In summing up the Festival, astonishment may fairly be expressed that in eight concerts given within the period of eighty-four hours two oratorios, and three cantatas of large dimensions, a symphony, a violin concerto, and some minor works should have been heard for the first time, altogether apart from the more familiar music performed. The verdict upon *Mors et Vita* may be for the moment doubtful, but Dvorák's *Spectre's Bride*, Cowen's *The Sleeping Beauty*, Stanford's *Three Holy Children*, Prout's symphony, and Mackenzie's violin concerto promise to be permanent and valuable additions to the repertory. Congratulations to the choir, who worked so ably and loyally, and to Herr Hans Richter, to whose untiring energy and zeal the success of the performances is mainly due follow as a matter of course. The receipts are less than in 1882. This is attributed partly to the falling off of 700£ on M. Gounod's oratorio, partly to trade depression, but also greatly to absurd ticket arrangements. Many Festival patrons, finding they were not allowed, as they are at Leeds and elsewhere, to secure a specified reserved seat for the entire Festival, declined to have anything whatever to do with it.

CHORAL COMPETITIONS.—With Messrs. Leslie, Fanning, Barrett, M'Naught, O'Leary, and Prout as adjudicators, a series of choral competitions was begun at the Albert Hall on Tuesday. Details are devoid of interest, as the entries were few, and most of our best choirs declined to enter. At the most important of the competitions, on Tuesday, only half the adjudicators were present, and the decision was consequently postponed till the end of the week. The total entries comprise nine choirs of over

100, sixteen of less than that number, one ladies' choir, and six male voice choirs. The amateur who is willing to accept these twenty-two associations as representative of the seven or eight thousand choral societies of greater or less pretensions scattered about these isles, can only be compared with the man who throws a glass of wine over London Bridge, and expects to collect the alcoholic molecules at Greenwich.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The death is announced of Mr. Willy, for upwards of fifty years connected as a second violin with some of our best orchestras.—The accident to Signor Piatti has been exaggerated, and the popular violinist will, it is hoped, soon be restored to health.—It is reported there is a hitch about the Carl Rosa season at Drury Lane next Easter.—The death is announced of General Oliver, a well-known American composer of hymns, and author of the report on musical instruments at the Philadelphia Exhibition.—Mr. Gladstone called upon Madame Christine Nilsson at Bergen and left his card. The prima donna was about to return the visit, when the *Sunbeam* sailed off.—The American violinist, Miss Tadesca, died suddenly ("isolated and deserted," the French papers say), at Reuillast week, aged only twenty-five.—Twenty-five pounds are offered by the manager of the Promenade Concerts for the best overture. But nothing is yet said about the identity of the adjudicators.—The rehearsals of the new oratorio choir under Mr. Mackenzie will begin on the 16th instant.—The orchestral rehearsal of works for the Hereford Festival took place at St. Andrew's Hall, London, on Thursday. Next week we shall say something about a somewhat uninteresting Festival.



THE TURF.—The York Meeting ended as it began—most disastrously for backers of favourites, one after another of the chosen ones being bowled over. If they had borne in mind the mysterious but clear partiality which animals have for certain courses, they might have fared better, for, as a matter of fact, no fewer than seven winners at the recent meeting were also winners over the same course at the last August or spring gathering. The Great Yorkshire Stakes for three-year-olds, which has been productive of more surprises than, perhaps, any race in the Calendar, kept up the tradition, King Monmouth, who has fallen this season far below his two-year-old form of last, and was about the least fancied of five starters, winning easily, while Goldsmith, the favourite, was the last of the quintette.—Racing this week, as far as it has gone, has been of little interest, though Huntingdon produced fair fields. Gossip followed up her recent victories, Ducrow scored twice, and Evergreen, the least fancied of a party of nine, in consequence of her wretched form in previous races, won the first Nursery Handicap of the season.—At Richmond, Yorkshire, where the unsuitableness of the course will not improbably cause the meeting to be abandoned altogether before long, Stone Clink and Yule Tide added to their many recent victories, and Lord Zetland's Wampum won the Easby Nursery.—A shade less of odds is accepted by the bookmakers on Melton for the St. Leger, 7 to 4 on being about his price. Isobar and Lonely stand next at 10 to 1 against—a market perhaps unprecedented in the history of the St. Leger within a fortnight of the race; and yet, as far as book form is concerned, it seems 100 to 1 on the favourite, bar a previous breakdown, or some mishap in the race itself. Child of the Mist is scratched, to the dismay of his backers for a "place."

CRICKET.—With September comes a marked decline in this game, though some of the counties are playing on. A splendidly fought out match between Surrey and Yorkshire ended on Saturday last just twenty minutes before "time" in a victory for Yorkshire by the comparatively narrow margin of three wickets. For Surrey Mr. J. Shuter made an innings of 72, and for Yorkshire Bates put together 60.—Rain this week interfered with Surrey v. Leicestershire, and Notts v. Derbyshire, and both games were drawn, Surrey and Notts having by far the best of the contests in which they were engaged.—"Century" makers are still found in the returns of matches in various districts. Among them Scotland for the M.C.C. v. Ealing made the big total of 248 (not out); for the Free Foresters v. Royal Engineers Mr. C. J. E. Jarvis scored 162; and for I Zingari Mr. J. G. Walker made three ones, 111, v. Gentlemen of England at Scarborough, the match, owing to the rain, ending in a draw.—It seems pretty well settled that an Australian team will visit this country next season, and though it is possible to have too much of a good thing, it is reasonable enough that it should "exhibit" itself in a year when the Colonial Exhibition will be the great and doubtless most popular feature of the London season. It is somewhat of a relief to find that two at the most of Murdoch's team will be of the party—probably the "demon" Spofford and Bonnor.—The nineteenth International Match between Canada and the United States has been played at Ontario, the result being a victory for the Dominion by 39 runs. The States have won ten, and Canada seven matches; and two have been drawn.

PEDESTRIANISM.—The one-mile race between the ex-amateur George and Cummings the champion professional at Lillie Bridge on Monday last came up to expectations. The crowd was enormous, and thousands forced their way in through the broken-down ramparts without paying. There was but little to choose in the way of favouritism between the two men when they took the mark. They got away on even terms, but George soon made the running, with his opponent about half a yard behind him. The first quarter of a mile was done in 58½ seconds, when George tried to increase his advantage, and Cummings sticking to him the pace improved, and the half mile was done in 2 min. 2½ sec. As they began the last lap (three laps to the mile), it appeared any one's race, but at the three-quarter mile mark, George still leading, Cummings perceptibly faltered, and George making a great effort, drew away, and won as he pleased in 4 min. 20 1-5th sec., a time which has been beaten more than once, both by himself and his opponent, Cummings's 4 min. 16 1-5 sec. being still the best on record. The four-mile race will probably take place on Monday week at Queen's Park Ground's, Glasgow. It is satisfactory to know that Monday's race was a thoroughly genuine affair, and that the best man on the occasion won.—George Littlewood of Sheffield, the winner of the Long Distance Championship at the Aquarium some months ago, has challenged Charles Rowell, "or any other man," for a six days' match, either day-and-night business, or twelve hours per day.

AQUATICS.—The annual four-oared race between the members of the Daily Press Rowing Club took place on Saturday last, the course being from Putney to Hammersmith, but the contest lost most of its interest, as instead of the crews representing the different papers they were amalgamated, and so it became practically a "scratch" business. The crew stroked by Read of the *Daily Chronicle* won rather easily from its three opponents.

SHOOTING.—A very fine First of September, a hot sun being tempered by an east wind, was enjoyed by sportsmen all over the country, contrasting with the painful meteorological experience of grouse shooting on the Twelfth of August. The supply of birds

varied very much in different localities, but the season is above an average one, as prices in London and elsewhere testify, young birds ranging from 4s. to 6s. per brace.



THE CHAPEL ROYAL, St. James's, and the Savoy remain closed until Sunday, the 4th of October.

ONE OF HIS CONSTITUENTS having asked Sir William Harcourt his "intentions" respecting Disestablishment, had to content himself with the vague reply that it is Sir William's habitual practice to decline giving specific pledges on particular questions.

THE BISHOP OF CHICHESTER has issued a pastoral to his clergy on the subject of Disestablishment, pointing out that its results in England would be far more injurious than in Ireland, where "some small measure of mercy" was conceded to the disestablished Protestant Church. He complains of the supineness of the clergy on this question, and contrasts it with the activity of the Liberationists, who are distributing tracts by the million. People, Bishop Durnford says, believe what they see in print, and it will not do for the clergy to sit still in comfortable indolence while the enemy is sapping the walls and thundering at the gates of the Establishment.

IN A LONG LETTER TO LORD EBURY, the Bishop of Carlisle contests the justice of that nobleman's recently expressed suspicion that the Church of England is gradually lapsing towards Rome, and of his assertion that such of Mr. Gladstone's appointments as that to the See of Lincoln should have been protested against by the Episcopal Bench. Bishop Goodwin says that the distinction between the Roman Liturgy and our own is fundamental, and cannot be obliterated by any amount of folly and extravagance. He denies that there is any ground for what he conceives to be implied in Lord Ebury's statement regarding the Bishop of Lincoln—namely, that Dr. King is a traitor to his Church. He gives a glowing description of the beneficent and harmonious working of the parochial system, and asks whether such a Church as that of England is to be left a prey to its enemies by good men like Lord Ebury himself, because of the erroneous practices and belief of a small minority of its clergy and laity.

CONSIDERABLE SUPPORT seems to be received by a proposal lately mooted to utilise churches closed during the week by giving in them musical and vocal performances for the benefit of all, especially the humbler classes. The attendance at the oratorios in St. Anne's, Soho, and at the concerts in Dr. Parker's City Temple, is appealed to as a proof that they would be generally acceptable.

A MOVEMENT, initiated by the Roman Catholic naval officers in the Nore district, is being supported by contributions from British war vessels in all parts of the world to erect a new pulpit, and to place a tablet in the Roman Catholic Church at Sheerness, in memory of the naval officers and men of that Communion who died in the Egyptian and Soudan Campaigns.

THE DEATH, in his fifty-eighth year, is announced of Dr. M. M. Kalisch, a Jewish scholar of some note, by birth a Prussian. Having participated in the German Revolutionary movement of 1848, and migrated to England he became tutor to the family of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, among his pupils being the present Lord Rothschild, and through their munificence he was enabled to devote himself to congenial literary labour. He issued in 1853 Vol. I of an "Historical and Critical Commentary on the Old Testament with a New Translation," the Hebrew text being appended, but his health did not allow him to complete it. With the fourth and last volume, published in 1872, he had commented on and translated no more than the first three books of the Pentateuch. The Commentary showed a vast amount of erudition, but one of its most striking peculiarities is that, although the work of a Jew, it rejected expressly or by implication the miraculous element in the Scriptural narrative. Moreover, in a "Preliminary Essay on the Relations between Scripture and the Natural Sciences, especially Astronomy and Geology," he maintained that the truth of the Mosaic cosmogony was utterly incompatible with the results of modern scientific research, and condemned as unworthy makeshifts the attempts of orthodox Christian writers to reconcile them. In 1877, he began the publication of a series of "Biblical Studies," which went no further than the prophecies of Balaam, and the Book of Jonah, containing the Hebrew text, and a new translation with elaborate commentaries and excursuses. As an instance of his mode of treatment, he pronounced the narrative of Balaam's mission to be "a profound myth," and the vocalisation of Balaam's ass "a fanciful legend." Among his other works was a Hebrew grammar, which is said to be an able performance.

ANCIENT MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS AT THE INVENTIONS EXHIBITION

It would clearly be impracticable to describe here, in any adequate manner, the valuable and priceless Loan Collection of Ancient Music and Musical Instruments now on view in the gallery of the Royal Albert Hall. Not even the authorities have yet been able to properly label all these exhibits, and the briefest possible catalogue was published as late as August 15. The manuscripts alone—from the Mainz Psalter of 1457, which is, we believe, insured for 10,000l., the St. Gall MSS. and the collection from the Bodleian Library, downwards to the Graduals, the autographs, and the Handelian play bills—will yet take some weeks to adequately catalogue. A splendid collection of instruments of the violin family, including the "Helier" Stradivarius, the "King" Amati, and a most valuable assemblage of violins, &c., by the old Italian, English, Dutch, and German makers, are at present in glass cases. To inspect them thus seems almost useless, while to listen to them is, under the circumstances, hardly practicable. From all over Europe interesting musical instruments have been collected, including the Patavini spinet of 1550, almost the oldest of its kind yet existing, the "Piano Brisé" of Marius, dated 1709, one of the three still extant, Handel's portable clavicord, a "Regal," or pitch pipe organ, the "Skene" bagpipes, once the property of Prince Charles Edward Stuart; the virginal by Leversedge, dated 1666, painted with views of St. James's Park, and said to have once belonged to Nell Gwynne; the harpsichord (1773) by Shudi and Broadwood, once the property of the Empress Maria Theresa; the lute left by Queen Elizabeth in 1584 at Helmingham Hall, and still in the possession of the Tollemache family; the silver kettledrums with bannerets from St. James's Palace; her Majesty the Queen's grand piano by Erard, adorned with paintings in Vernis Martin from a harpsichord which belonged to Anne of Austria; Dragonetti's "basso di camera," bequeathed to the late Prince Consort; Handel's double harpsichord, by Hans Ruckers (1612), from the Queen's collection at Windsor Castle; the bronze horn, used at ceremonials by the Corporation of Dover for the past six centuries; the famous "rock harmonium" of 1785; the trumpet which sounded the grand charge at the battle of Salamanca; and several harpsichords, vir-

ginals, dulcimers, and other predecessors of the modern piano. Mr. A. J. Hipkins, the greatest living authority on such subjects, will, it is hoped, compile a full, exhaustive, and descriptive catalogue of these exhibits, illustrated by etchings and photographs.

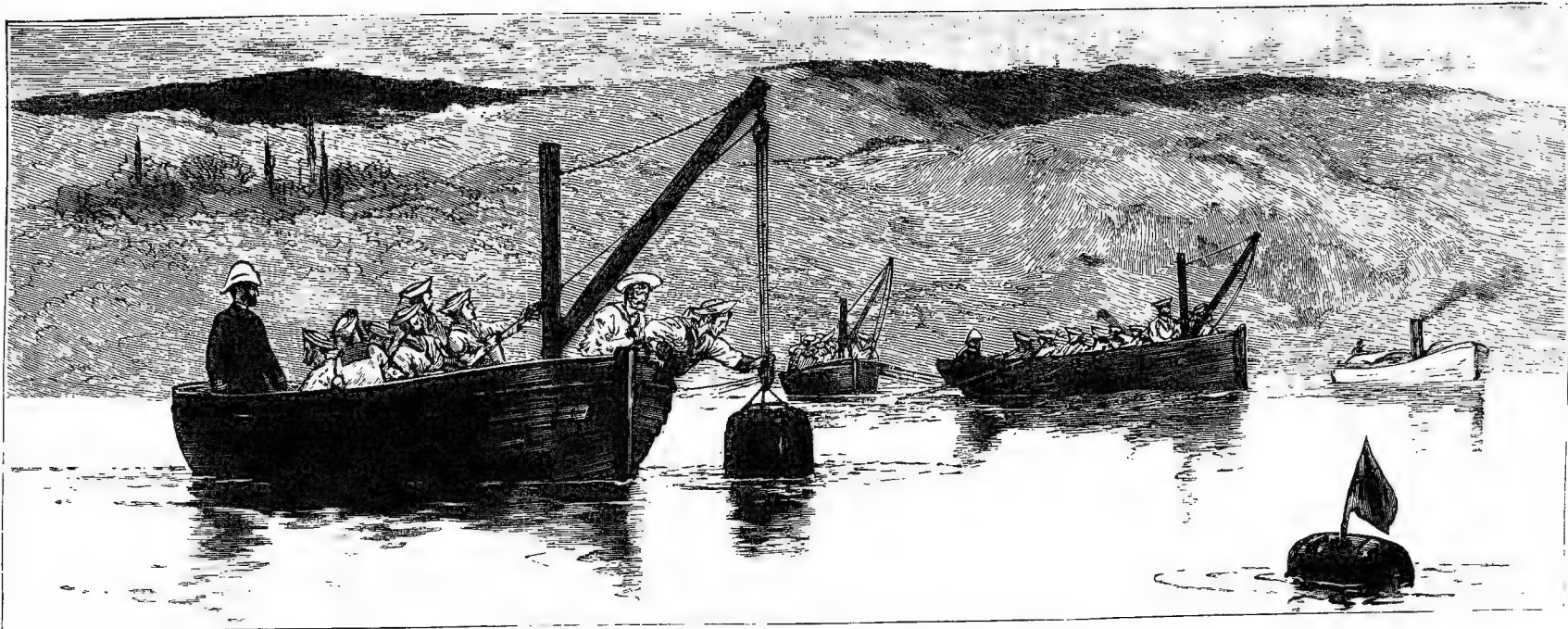
Meanwhile, we now publish on another page illustrations of a few of the interesting things exhibited. The Elizabethan Room has been arranged by Mr. George Donaldson to give some idea of an apartment in the days of the Good Queen Bess. On the walls are hung sixteenth-century Flemish tapestry, purchased by him from Messrs. Marks, Durlacher, and Co. Two antique coffers, two old-fashioned carved chairs, and other articles of Elizabethan furniture will be found here, the musical instruments comprising a "chitarrone," or double-necked lute, an Italian guitar such as the courtiers of the period were wont to tinkle, a Venetian theorbute, and the beautiful instrument said to be Queen Elizabeth's own virginal (lent by the Rev. Nigel Gresley), and, at any rate, one upon which the Virgin Queen is popularly supposed to have played. Another interesting instrument shown in our sketch is the lute upon which tradition says David Rizzio played in the boudoir of the hapless Mary Queen of Scots. It is certainly of sixteenth-century manufacture, although its direct connection with Rizzio may be doubtful. It is in tortoiseshell, with pegs in the form of the *fleurs-de-lis*, and the French arms are stamped on the red leather case. The citterna, also illustrated, is by Joachim Tielke, of Hamburg, and is dated 1676. But the citterna itself is a far older instrument, and a player upon it occupies the first niche in the famous front of the Minstrels' Gallery at Exeter Cathedral, dating back to the fourteenth century. We likewise have a cut of the cistre of Antonio Stradivarius, dated 1700, sent by M. D. Alard, of the Paris Conservatoire. Two Italian "pochettes" are shown in Mr. Donaldson's case, but the one with an angel's head of ivory is dated 1675. The harp known as the "Lamont Harp" is lent by Mr. C. Durrant Stuart, of Dalguise. Gunn, who wrote eighty years ago, tells us that a lady of the Clan Lamont, in Argyle, took with her, on her marriage in 1460 to Robertson of Lude, the instrument which had been for several centuries the harp of a succession of Highland bards. The lassie must have been of robust frame and determined mind to carry this ponderous instrument. The singing trumpet used in the Parish Church of East Leake, Nottinghamshire, during Divine Service till about 1840, also shown in our illustration, and the arch-lute in ivory, by Giovanni Krebar, of Padua, dated 1629, need no further description.



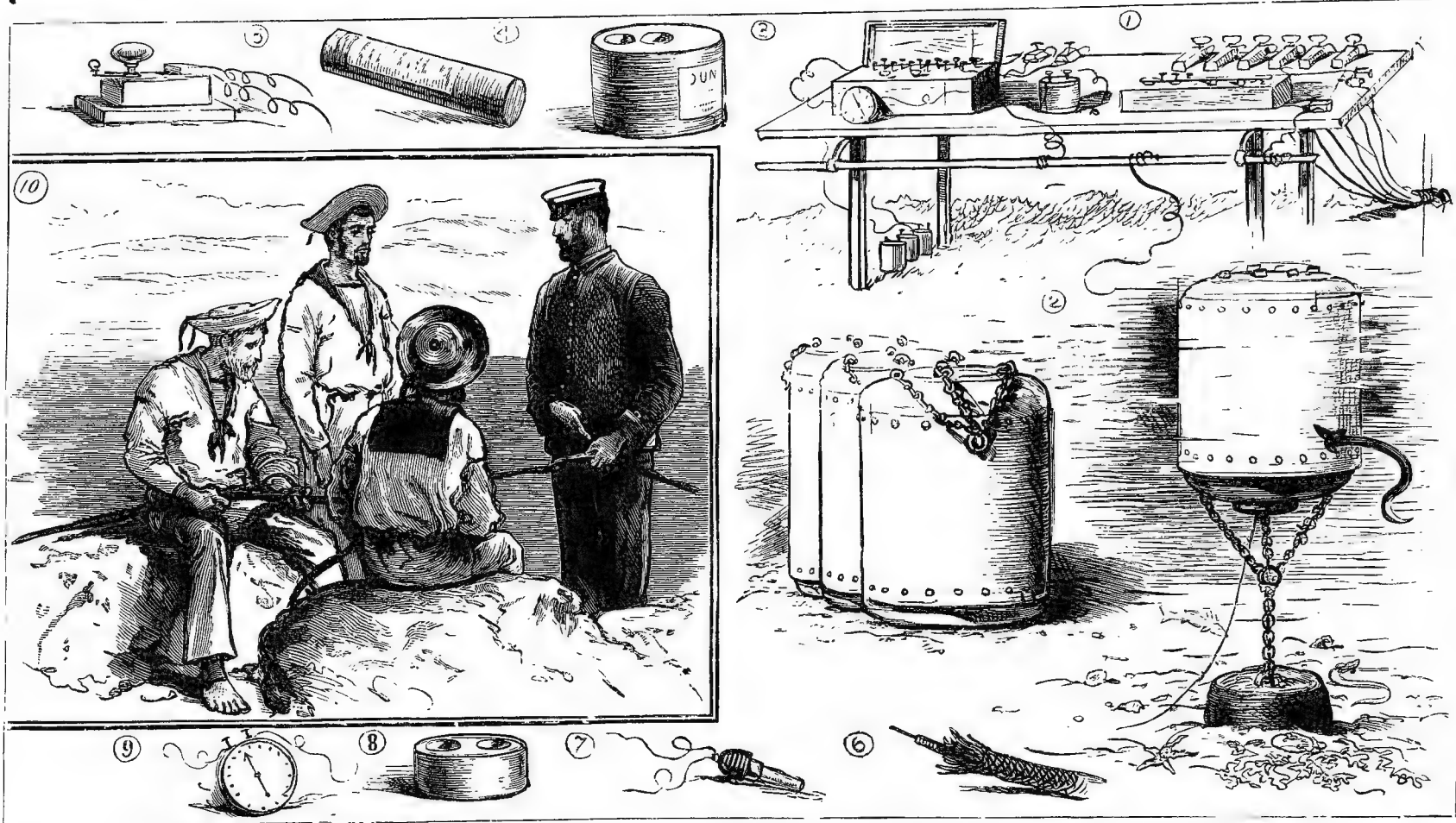
THIS YEAR'S HARVEST has been already the subject of detailed inquiries in the farming journals. The *Agricultural Gazette* has collected a number of returns, according to which the wheat crop is affirmed to be over average by a majority of returns in the proportion of 504 to 127. Unless, therefore, a vast amount of delusion is abroad this very substantial majority may be held to settle the matter as to this year having a good wheat crop. For barley being over an average crop there are 34 affirmative votes against 20 which allege the yield to be short. Oats, as we should expect to find in a dry season, are generally deficient; only 46 farmers state the yield as over average, while 128 affirm the contrary. Beans and peas are deficient according to almost all the returns. The crop estimates of the *Farmer* put wheat at a full average in the Eastern counties, a bushel over the average in the South-Eastern counties, and at about half-a-bushel over average for the rest of the kingdom. For Great Britain the expectation is of a yield of 29 bushels an acre, the average being taken at 28 bushels, of barley a general average of 35 bushels, against a standard yield of 34½ bushels. It is anticipated in *Bell's Weekly Messenger* that the wheat crop taken all round will be rather over the average per acre, and the quality and condition will most likely be good. Barley is put by the same authority at an average yield. The *Mark Lane Express* states that the first samples of new crop wheat in London, and in such typical provincial markets as Canterbury, Colchester, and Romford, have been particularly disappointing; they show unmistakable evidence of abortive inflorescence, fungoid and insect injuries, and premature ripening. "There is apparently tail wheat enough for this year and the last, when there was none." From our own observations we should not regard this year's wheat yield as more than a bare average, but then we consider the twenty-eight bushel "average" no true criterion of normal production in England. The run of bad seasons from 1875 to 1883 caused great discouragement and lowered the average, so that we had fair in future to have a number of good harvests until the real standard is again found; we believe this to be nearly thirty bushels to the acre, and the average weight to be nearer 62 than 60 lbs. the bushel. With respect to barley the yield this year is probably a mean, but the production of oats cannot reach an average. Some good sorts have yielded splendidly of this cereal, but all the poorer lands have fallen so far short of a mean as to cause a nett deficiency probably of ten per cent.

ARABLE AND PASTURE.—Of the cultivated area of Great Britain only about nine per cent. is cropped with wheat, while over sixty per cent. is devoted to the breeding and feeding of cattle, sheep, pigs, and horses. The area of permanent pasture is being largely increased because wheat cannot be profitably grown, and because the profits of barley-growing are most uncertain. At the same time, one-half of the existing arable land continues to be devoted to artificial grasses, roots, and green forage for feeding sheep and cattle. In the four-course system a crop of corn is taken every alternate year, and generally this has been extended to two crops in five years. Three-fourths of the land is practically devoted to meat culture, with the result of depriving large numbers of labourers of employment; yet the stock of cattle increases with painful slowness, and the price of butchers' meat does not fall at all. Sixty million pounds sterling are yearly paid for imported corn which could well be grown at home. The population of the United Kingdom is increasing at a rate which requires 250,000 to 300,000 quarters more wheat every year. Yet production is diminishing instead of increasing, and dependence upon the foreigner becoming more and more absolute.

BETWEEN DEE AND TRENT.—We are much too apt to think of Cheshire, Staffordshire, and Derby as industrial counties to the ignoring of their large agricultural interests. Even in Stafford the area under cultivation is sufficient to place the county in a very fair position. The average wheat production of Cheshire is only 70,000 quarters, and of Derby about the same; these counties being mainly pastoral. Stafford, however, grows 125,000 quarters of wheat in a very moderate year, and the present season should exceed this figure. The soil is strong, and wheat has done well. So have oats, and barley is reckoned an average yield, though the North-West Midlands are by no means a great barley district. The roots are not so promising. Mangels are looking well, where there are sufficient plants, but they are very patchy. Cabbages have thriven much better than the drought might have led one to expect. Pastures are improving, but the bite thereof is very small, and farmers wishing to keep their cattle in really good condition do well to give them some food in the byre or in the farmyard. The

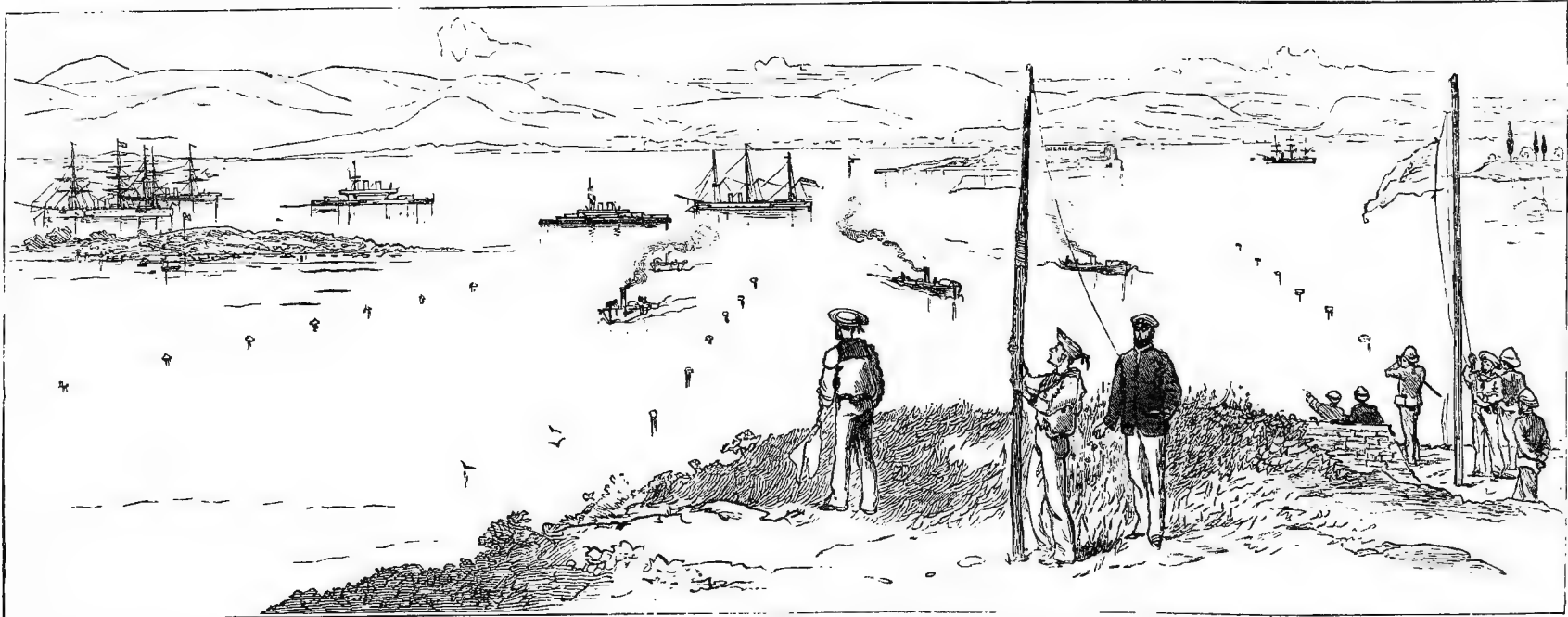


SHIPS' LAUNCHES WEIGHING THE MINES IN THE EARLY MORNING



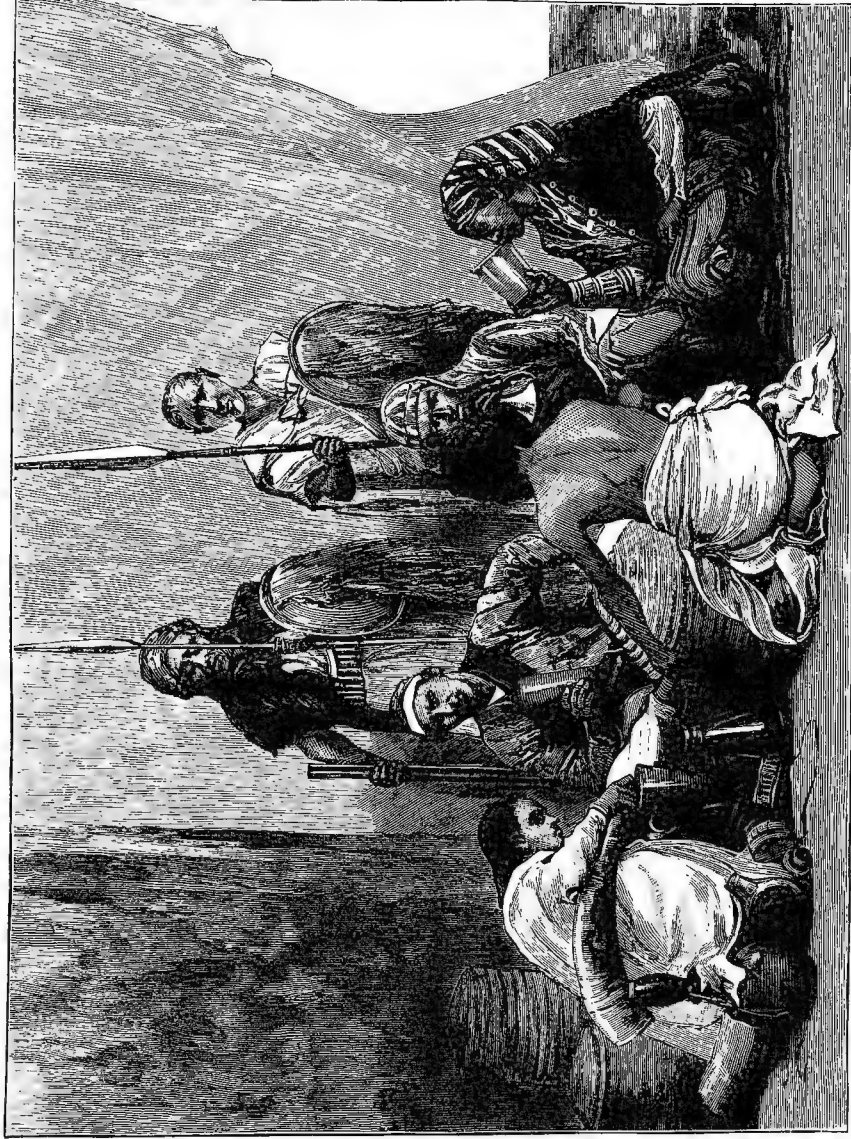
1. Test-Table
2. Ground and Observation Mines
3. Wet Gun-Cotton in Tin
4. Primer Tin (Dry Gun-Cotton)
5. Firing Key
6. Cable
7. Detonator
8. Slab of Gun-Cotton
9. Galvanometer
10. Joining Electric Cables

SOME MINING IMPLEMENTS



THE TEST OF THE OBSERVATION MINE-FIELD - BOATS ENTERING THE MINE-FIELD

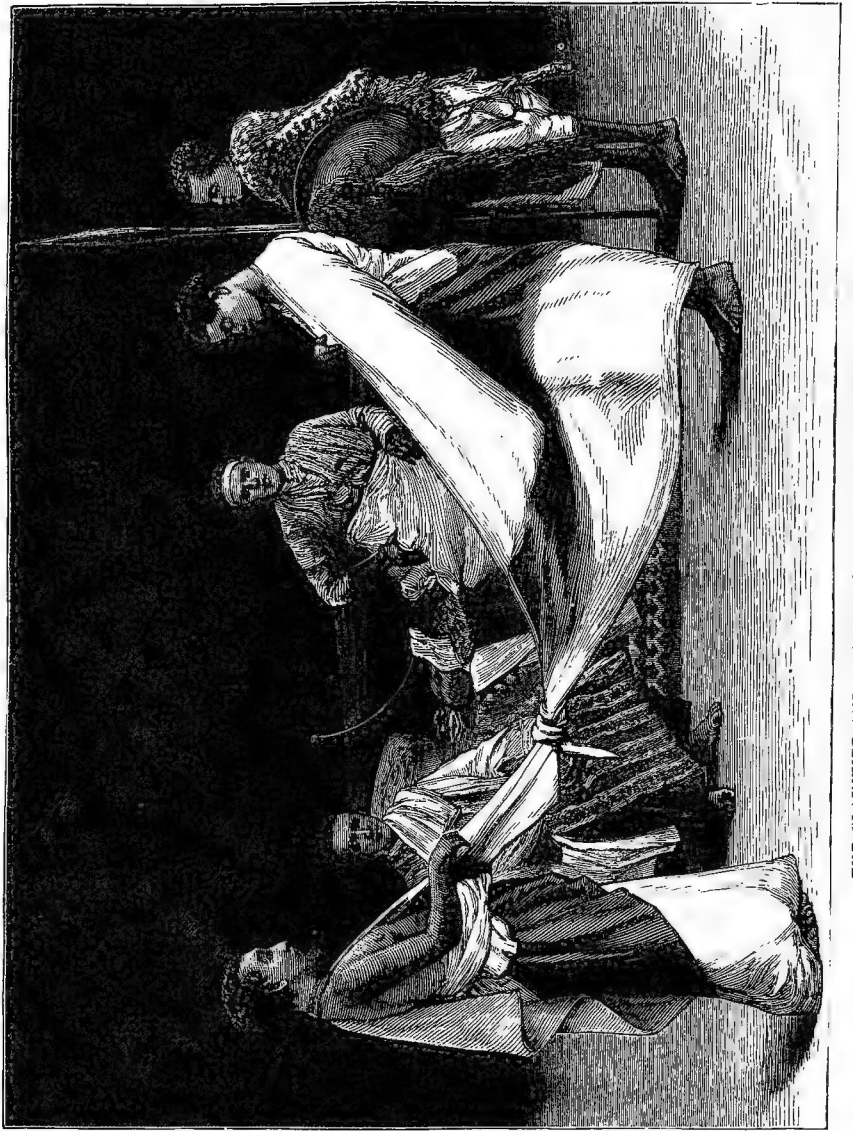
TORPEDO AND MINING OPERATIONS BY THE BRITISH MEDITERRANEAN FLEET AT CORFU



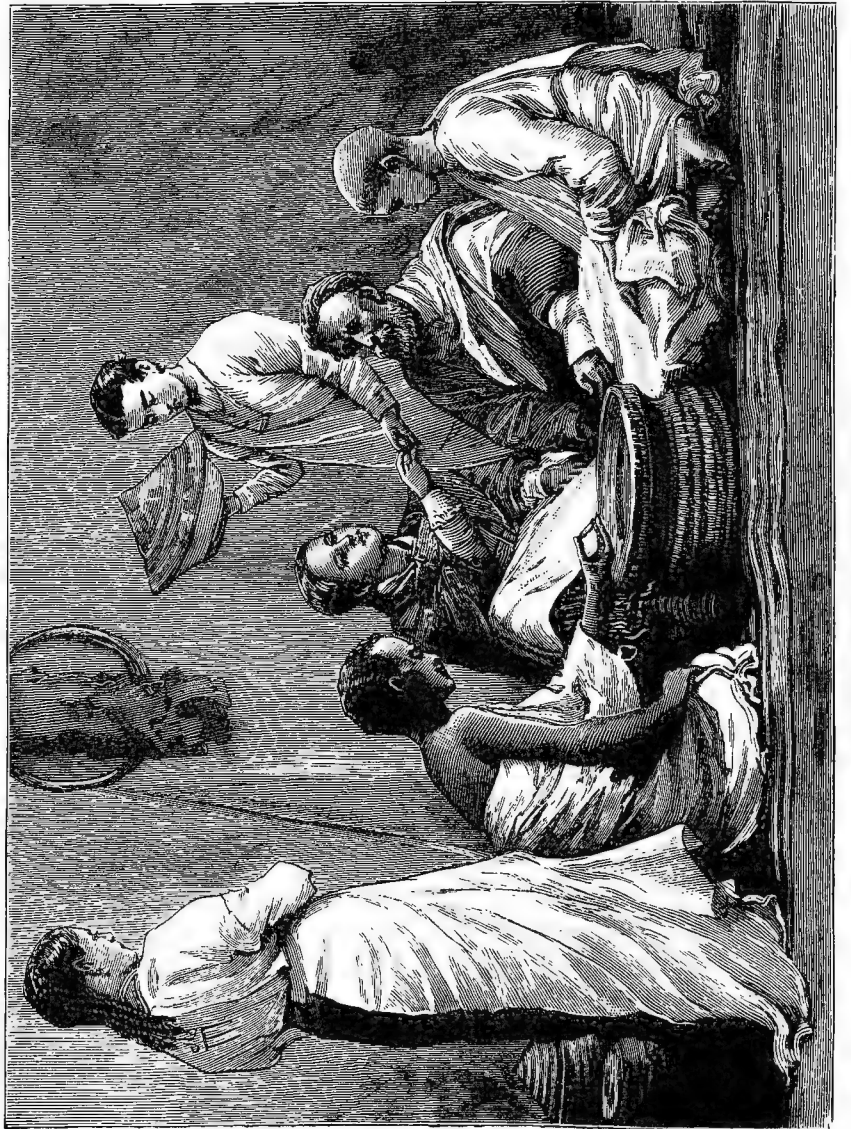
ABYSSINIANS OF RANK DRINKING MEAD



ABYSSINIAN BROUNDO, OR RAW MEAT FEAST



THE PLAINTIFF AND DEFENDANT IN A LAW-SUIT BEFORE A RAS



ABYSSINIAN FAMILY DINNER AT HOME

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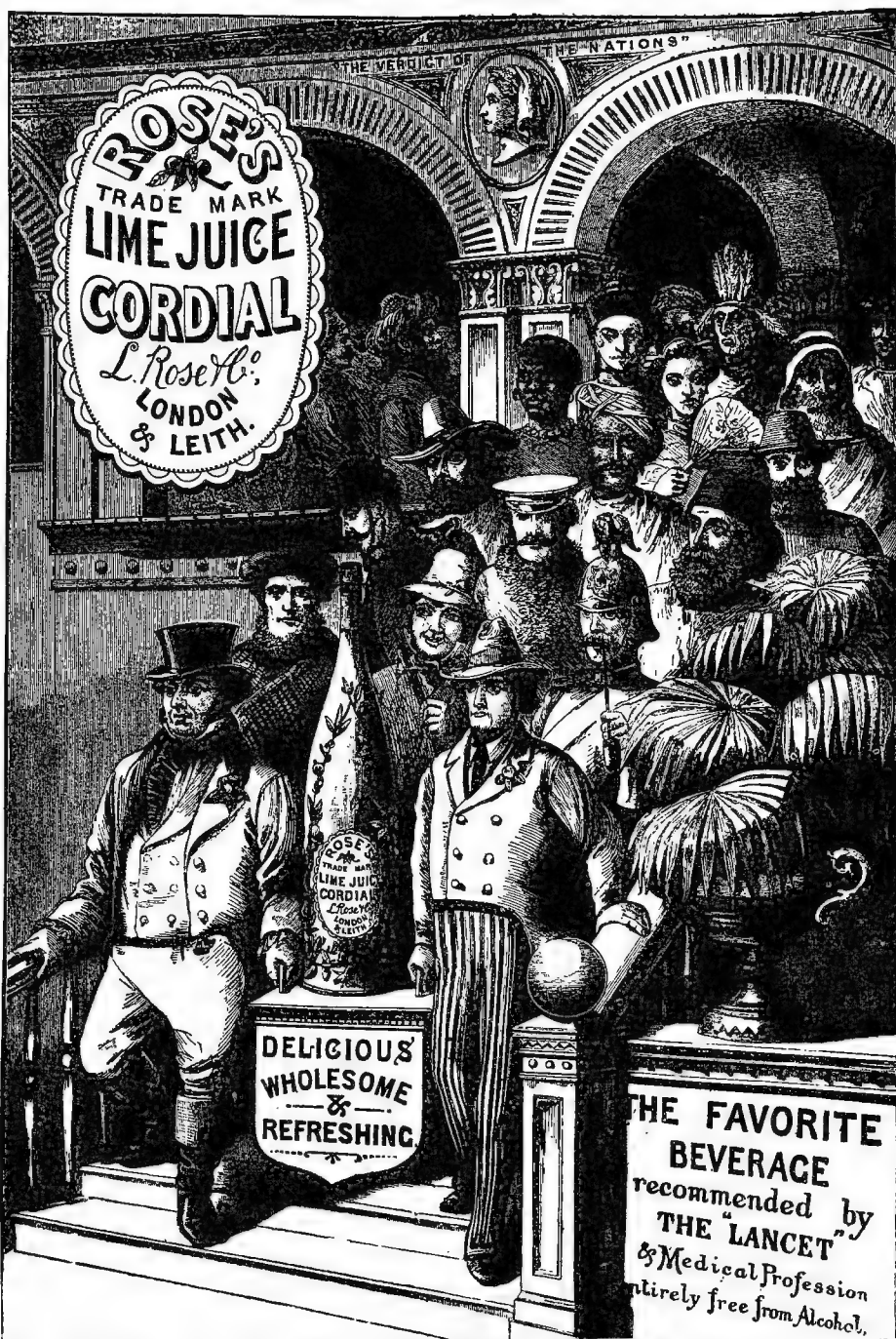
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"H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, accompanied by H.R.H. the Duchess of Edinburgh and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, was present on Thursday afternoon at some interesting experiments by the Harden 'Star' Hand Grenade Fire Extinguisher Company, which took place opposite the Savoy Theatre. The proceedings, which successfully demonstrated the efficiency of the Grenades in dealing with seven varieties of Fires were also witnessed by the Duke of Sutherland, Earl of Sydney, Earl of Kenmare, Lord H. Bruce, Sir H. Lumsden, and others."—Daily News, May 15, 1885.

Testimonials.

Birkdale Farm Reformatory School, near Southport, July 8th, 1885. Gentlemen.—A large Boiler of Resin used in making firewood took fire, and the building in which it stands was in flames in a few moments. Seven of the Hand Grenades put it out very effectually. I would strongly recommend every school to be provided with them.—Yours truly, DANIEL H. SHEE, Governor.

18, Orchard Street, Portman Square, W. Gentlemen.—In the case of Hospitals, when so many of the inmates are helpless and all victims to the fire when it does break out, your discovery would form a safeguard, the value of which it would be impossible to over-estimate. Each ward should be well provided with Grenades. As the gases emitted from the fluid contents of the Grenades put out a fire in something like ten seconds, the value of your discovery must be patent to all.—I am, Gentlemen, yours faithfully, A. ST. CLAIR BUXTON, F.R.C.S.

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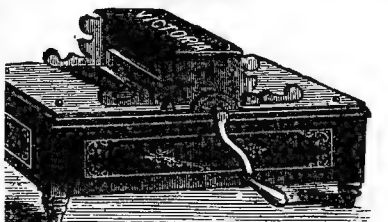
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An Amateur Photographer at the Zoo.

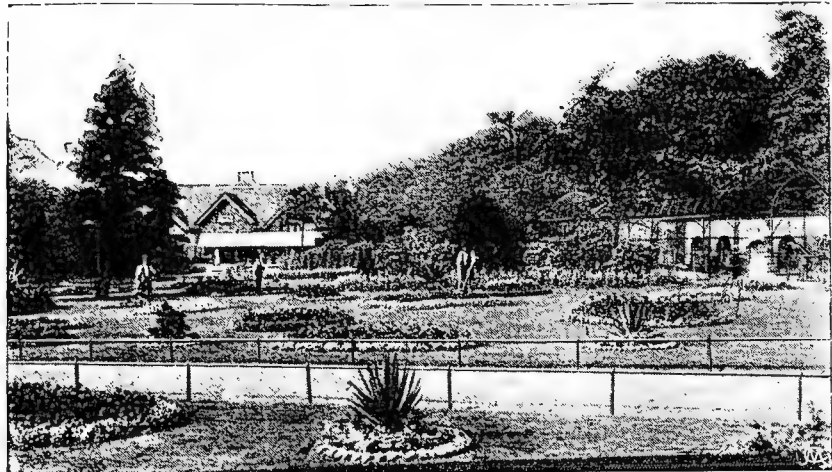
FACSIMILES OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS

I WAS WALKING ONE DAY ROUND THE ZOO with a child, and for my own amusement was affecting the most pathetic ignorance of the manners and customs, even of the names, of the beasts and birds that we looked

lines. Some day I must publish a "Book of Beasts for the Nursery," and tell children the truth about our fellow creatures, *les bêtes imprisées*.

For myself, I prefer to regard the Zoo as a kind of reservation set apart for the wild races who are brought over here from time to time for our amusement and instruction, to whom we owe a large debt of gratitude, and cannot be too hospitably kind. The vultures and eagles in the large roomy cages—in the adjoining picture—have had to give up the broad expanses of the sky in which once they wheeled and floated in splendid freedom, and instead of perching on high crags that overlook Canadian lakes, on the loftiest trees of Asiatic jungles, or on windy sea-cliffs by the Atlantic or Pacific, have to be content with the apartments furnished for them by our "mchmendar," our "guest-entertainer," Mr. Bartlett—than whom there never was one more carefully considerate to strangers, or more sympathetic—and to look out upon a garden lawn. Are they happy, these feathered exiles? It is best to think they are, as happy at any rate as exiles ever can be, and to remember that, after all, captivity has many substantial advantages for them. Their food comes regularly; there is none of the old trouble of catching their meals. The smaller

camera will to this day empty village after village of human beings, stricken with panic and consternation, over more than half of the inhabited globe. But Pug is inquisitive too, and if that camera were left unguarded for an hour, half the monkeys in the place would be found busy taking photographs of the other half. It is worth noticing that our friend in the picture is not looking straight at the instrument. If it had been a child it would have been staring with round eyes directly into the centre of the lens of the camera. But you cannot make a monkey look straight at you. Its glance shifts



A VIEW IN THE GARDENS

at. My little companion was touched, and with the delightful trustfulness of her age took it upon herself to tell me all about them. The chief source of her information appeared to be a certain servant named Jemima, who, if my small friend's judgment was not at fault, must have been a very Solomon at zoology. She had told her how lions ramped and roared and hunted men, how tigers carried off cows, how Polar bears gobbled up the crews of Arctic expeditions, how wolves ate the farmer's lambs and foxes their chickens. She had shown her pictures of a hippopotamus upsetting a traveller's boat by getting underneath it and hunching up its back; of a rhinoceros that had tossed a sportsman off its horn up into the branches of a tree, and was waiting for him to tumble down again; of a wild rogue-elephant that lived in a wood near a village, and would not allow any one to come out of it, either to go to market or to school, or even to church; of a grizzly bear standing up on its hind legs and going to hug a Californian in a red shirt and large straw hat; of a crocodile in the rushes by the river, crying like a baby; while a woman, looking about in pity for the supposed child, comes nearer and nearer to the reptile's jaws. She had told her that it was not safe to stand behind one-half the animals because they kicked with their hind legs, nor to stand in front of the other half because they had claws in their fore-paws; and as for birds with long necks, they "pecked your eyes out with their beaks."

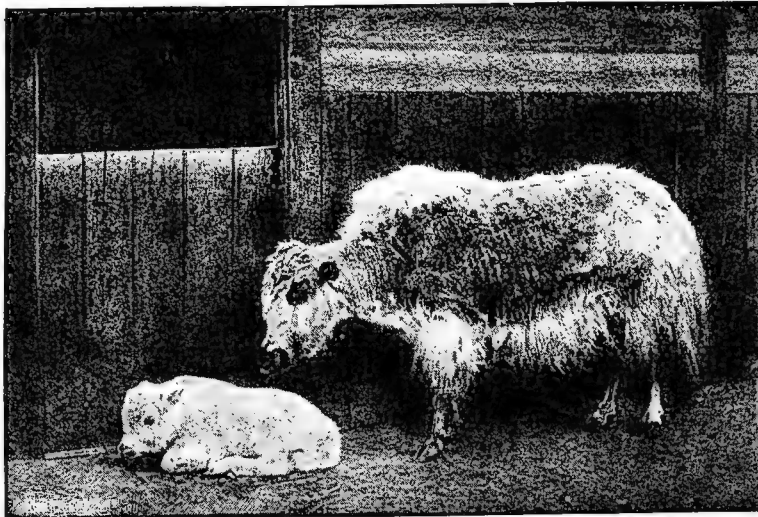
By and by we came to the giraffes. I asked for some information about them, but my little friend confessed to ignorance. It was too obviously on the surface, so to speak, that they were beautifully marked, and the length of their necks was much too apparent for even a child to think of drawing attention to such self-evident facts. So she looked at the giraffes, turned over all she could recollect of Jemima's teachings, and then said—to me a very remarkable and significant speech—"I don't remember what the giraffes have done that they should be shut up!"

The child, in fact, looked upon the Zoo as a kind of penal establishment for the beasts and birds—a convict colony for misdemeanants in fur and feathers. Jemima knew nothing more of the creatures than their crimes—the *Police News* of zoology. Her only information was on the potentialities of quadrupeds for mischief. She viewed them solely as in antagonism to humanity. So her juvenile pupil, with a child's preference for the tragic and sensational, had accepted her philosophy without any qualifications, and came to the conclusion that the animals in the Zoo were all in prison for their sins.

So I set to work to undo Jemima's mischief, and as I went on undermining the foundations of her stupid teachings, unravelling her tangles of nonsense, my companion (her age was "seven times one") was first puzzled, then interested, and very soon—how sweet it is, this trait in children to be so pitiful—she took on trust my assurance of the wonderful benevolence of bears and the amiability of lions towards those who treat them well—and asked if she might stroke them! "No," I said, "not to-day. But some day, when you are older, and the lions have got to know you quite well, you may stroke them—if you like." And then and there the little one totally abjured Jemima and all her doctrines, and on leaving the lion-house turned to the cage and said, "Good bye, poor lion."

I take it, this was better, that the child should go away at peace with all the things behind the bars, and thinking kindly of our guests from abroad, than harbouring ill-feeling towards them, and remembering them only as "cruel" and "horrid" and "dangerous." These are still the superstitions of the ignorant and the unsympathetic. And I think it a great pity that children are not taught their Natural History on more generous

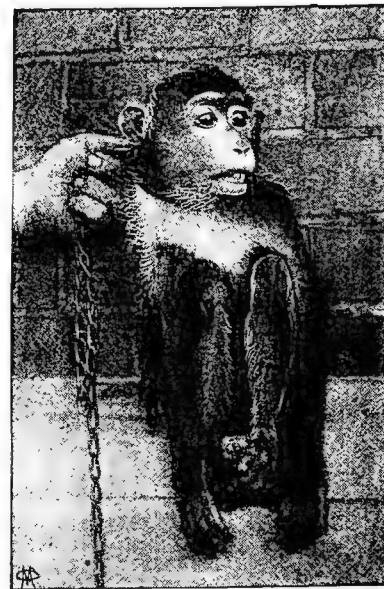
need have no apprehension of being hunted and eaten by the larger. Fear, in fact, is struck out of their lives. And in this alone



YAK, WITH YOUNG ONE
Photographed at Six Weeks Old

there must surely be a large measure of compensation for the loss of freedom.

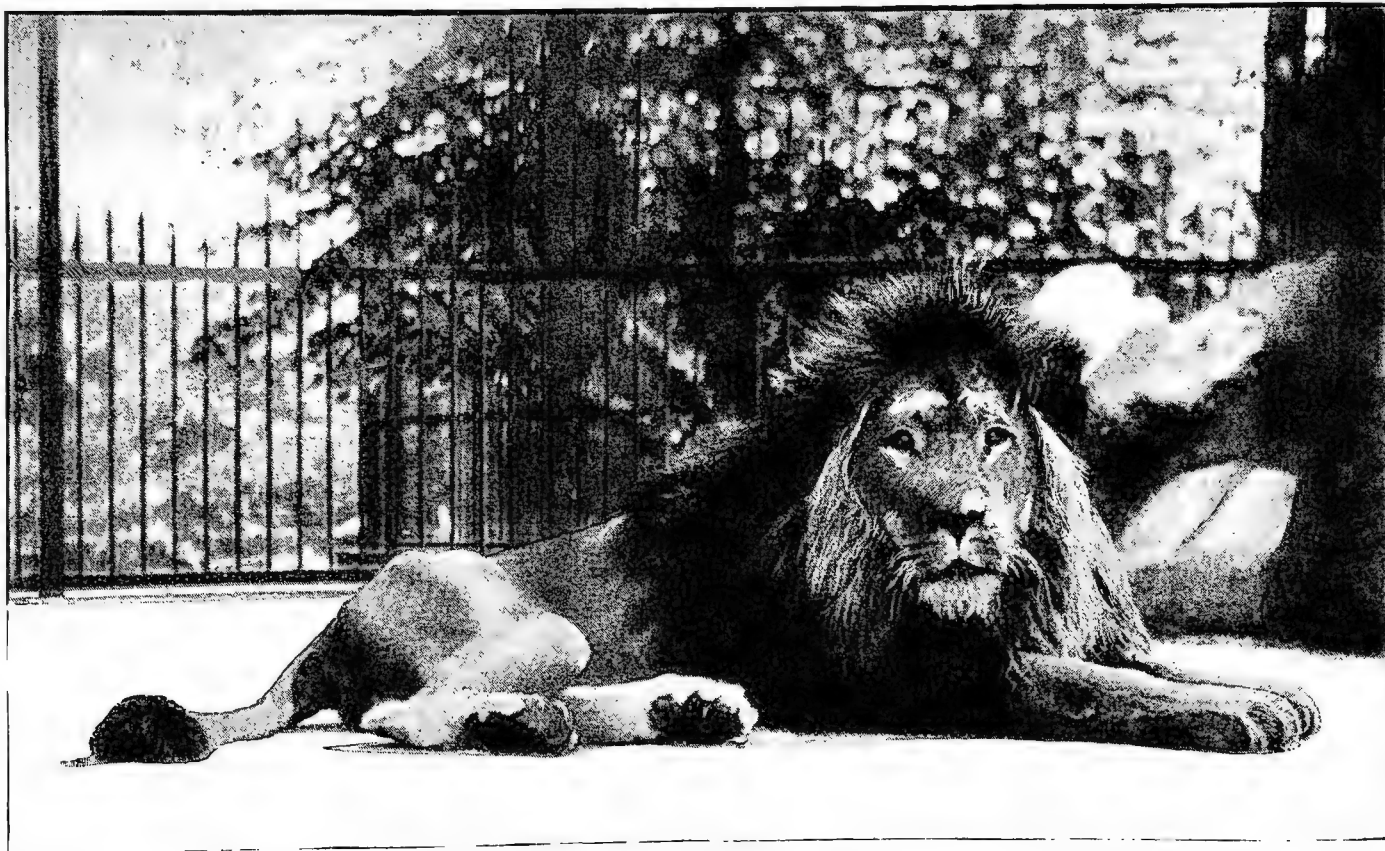
Come to the monkey-house, for instance. Are any of these "our



PIG-TAILED MONKEY

look over one side or the other, but never, even in passing, will its eye "catch" yours. Why is this? Have they some secret they do not wish us to find out? At any rate it is quite certain that if we could get them to set us right on certain little matters of our own origin we should give them no peace till we had worried all their information out of them. They are light-hearted folk, though, these merry creatures of the sunny tree-tops, and imprisonment seems to have no woes for them. Nor, poor decayed divinities of an old-world worship, do they seem to regret the reverences of antiquity. Pug here as soon as he is let go will be off up into his trapeze again, pulling smaller monkeys' tails, or exploring a friend's fur, and be immoderately contented with a nut. He is an impulsive little person, the pig-tailed monkey of the photograph, and not ill-tempered.

Once upon a time, when in India, I stayed with a friend for a week or two in a little bungalow built on the edge of the famous "Marble Rocks," near Jubulpore. And here I became personally acquainted with an immense number of monkeys. This acquaintance—in consequence of our being kind to the tailed folk—led to familiarity, and familiarity to intimacy. But never to contempt on either side. In the early morning, as we sat at our first or "little" breakfast, the creatures used to come round the verandah in a most curiously human way. The old males did not think the meal worth attending to; they kept themselves for the later and more substantial *déjeuner* at eleven o'clock. So they sat about on the bit of turf in



LION FROM UPPER NUBIA

poor relations," wretched? Poor Pug, the "pig-tailed" monkey, held by its collar to have its photograph taken, is certainly apprehensive of some mysterious calamity. And no wonder: the sight of a photographic

front some distance off, and with their backs to us, rubbed their eyes yawned, and looked in a bored sort of way, as if they had been waked up for too little reason, across the river at nothing in par-

ticular. The mothers, however, brought their families punctually, and, while waiting for any scraps of chupattie, fruit, or sugar that might be thrown to them, went on with the toilette of the nursery with the most ludicrous gravity and method. One by one the youngsters had to come up to be "dressed," and it was very funny to see how they tried to shirk what was their equivalent for the tub, towel, and soap which our own children do their best to evade. They knew the ordeal to be inevitable, but each one, as its turn came, whimpered, lay down, and "made itself heavy," as children say, so that the mother had to drag it towards her by a leg or an arm. As soon as the process of scratching and combing was over, the little ones skipped off with an agility that

was amazing, but never quite quickly enough to escape the box on the ear which the parent generally administered as a finishing touch. And then what a pathos there was, too, about the way in which the mothers brought their young ones up to our table for food. The very tiny ones, the babies in arms, were held out to us just as the beggar woman of our own species holds out her starving bairn. The youngest were always pushed to the front. And they got most pathetically



A TIGER

tically tame, these poor relations of ours. They plucked at our clothes in the gentlest, most timid way, stroked our shoes, made queer little noises like coughs as if to attract our attention, but with apologies. Misbehaviour or anything like a scuffle was promptly suppressed by the elders, who sat in the back rows and but seldom got anything. Our gestures were understood by them with astonishing intelligence. If knives and forks were laid down there was at once a movement of subsidence in the assembly; expectations of more sank within them; they knew the meal was ending. As soon as we made a sign of rising the congregation would break up, the mothers come to the front and pick up crumbs, and the youngsters begin scrimmaging. Then the table would be cleared and cheroots lighted, and the whole of our guests would turn round and



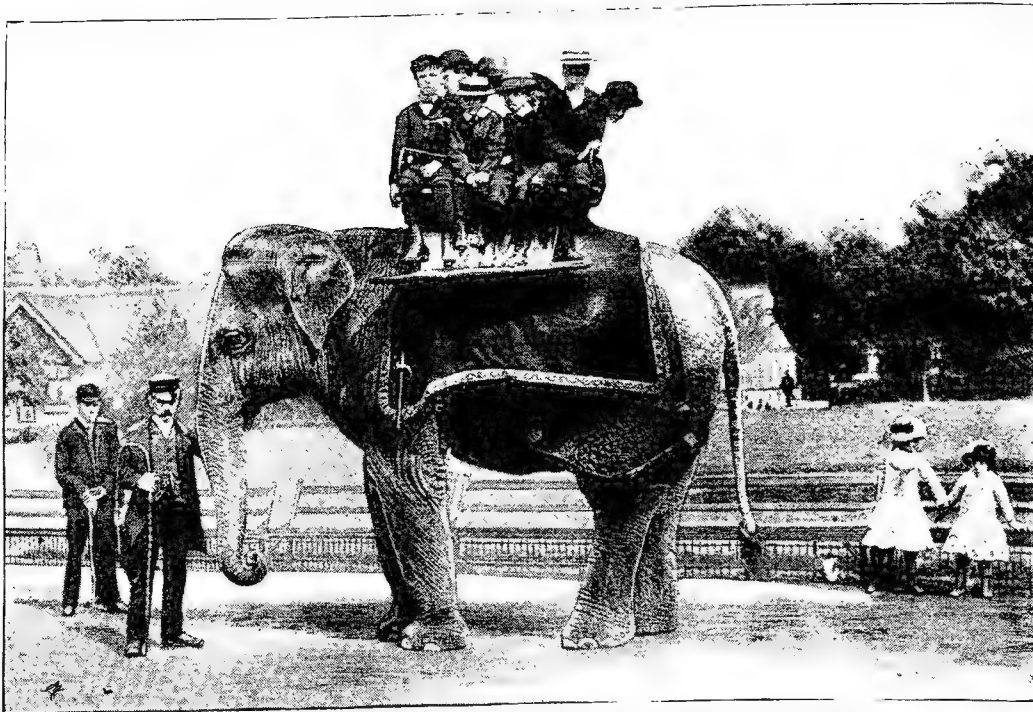
TIGER BORN IN THE CALCUTTA ZOO

walk off down the steps, cross the turf, and disappear into the jungler. In a few minutes they had so completely vanished that it was difficult to believe that hundreds of monkeys were within a few yards. But the downright "humanity" of these tailed people, as I saw them when in perfect freedom, was shown in almost every action, and after a while I got to understand them so thoroughly, that I could anticipate their conduct under any given conditions, and really almost began to imagine that they spoke. To this, at any rate, I will pledge my word, that I have heard in the course of a morning just as much "talking" among the monkeys as among a body of Navajo Indians during the same length of time. In each case speech consisted of the same inarticulate but perfectly expressive series of sounds. Anyhow the result of my intimacy with the creatures was that I came away liking them, and that I never see them in their artificial life, in the Zoo or elsewhere, without recalling in their favour their manners and customs when at liberty on the Marble Rocks.

How grandly different is the attitude of the King of the Beasts! Look at him stretched out at full length, with grave unwinking eyes set upon the photographer and his machine. If only there were no railings behind him what a stanza direct from nature the picture would be. Stretched in the shade of that tree maybe is the lioness, and deep among those piled boulders lies perhaps the den where the lionets are asleep—"the tawny brood in dreadful ambush couched." But as it is, it forms a noble presentment of "the lord of every beast in field." There are those who scoff at its personal appearance. But for myself I confess that the lion is uniformly majestic. Its tread is kingly, and the uplift of its head seems warrior-like. Its voice is the authentic assertion of dominion. Critics of Landseer's casts who have said so much (and in spite of frequent correction) about the lion always couching "cat-elbowed," might note the attitude of this beast as here photographed from the life.

What has he lost by being caught as a baby and presented by Mr. John Baird to the Zoo? The right to fight with other lions for the possession of their "yellow dames," the prerogative of terrifying the forest or desert with his midnight roaring, the privilege of stalking African explorers, or occasionally pouncing upon a Boer "who nods and winks behind a slowly-dying fire" in his camp upon the Kaffrarian lion-veldt. Yes, all this, and perhaps more. And yet he wears all the old air of independent kingship, and stalks and glares and roars just as if he were still the leading chieftain, the prince-paramount, in those wild Native States that lie beyond the frontiers of civilisation, and are feudatory to none. Here too, in the heart of London, he has his consort, amiable and constant, and close by in another cage, tumbling about and playing

with each others' tails, is the Royal Family, with its Her Apparent and Princesses Royal, as jolly little healthy cubs as ever quarrelled over an antelope bone in Nubia. There were originally four, but one of them died—choked by a straw. Think of it, a lion presumptively killed by a bit of dead grass! There is something in the expression of the great beast's face, a "Don't try any tricks with that suspicious-looking instrument of yours, Mr. Artist, or I shall be



SAFR-KALI, ONE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES'S INDIAN ELEPHANTS (FEMALE)

after you," which is suggestive of a consciousness of domestic responsibilities, and an intention to resent as a husband and father any liberties taken with his hearth and home.

"Our Royal cousin the tiger," as His Majesty probably addresses his striped neighbour in all formal communications of State, submits to the operation of being photographed with characteristic indifference. It is one of the most thorough wild-beasts in creation. There seems, somehow, to be more nature about it than others. It is never affected; gives you no opportunities for fancying this, that, or the other, about it. The poets even cannot make anything else out of it than a simple, straightforward, downright tiger. It lies blinking behind its bars while its portrait is being taken, as if studios and cameras were common objects of the jungles. But it is thinking all the same, and what it thinks is this, that if the photographer and it were on the same side of the bars, it would eat the photographer. But they are not—blink—so there is an end of the matter—blink, blink. It is a grimly beast, and very admirable as such. I hold it in great respect as a model wild animal, entirely devoid of nonsense, and thoroughly honest in all its actions. As I have said somewhere before, wolves may go about asking people to think they are our dogs gone wrong for want of better bringing-up, and lions try to impose upon travellers by superfluous kingliness, but the tiger never prevaricates. "If you don't like me," he says, "you must lump me, but meanwhile you had better get out of my way." When the Prince of Wales went hunting them in the Nepal Terai, one of the tigers that he came upon was hungry. It is true there was a whole battalion of elephants in the field and rifles without number, all arrayed against it for its death. But the tiger wanted something to eat. So it charged the whole hunt. First it tried to get an Earl and then the Prince, and then a chaplain. Fastidious? Not a bit of it. So long as hewas good, sound, wholesome eating, the poor beast did not care whether his dinner was Peer, Prince, or Padre. But they riddled him with bullets, and so he died, fighting hard to get what he wanted, as every good tiger should—and hungry, after all.

I remember hearing of a tiger being photographed under very exciting circumstances. A party of natives were going about, in Rajpootana I think it was, with a full-grown tiger which they had "tamed," as they called it. What they really did, however, was to keep it tightly roped by all four legs and by the neck, and each man held on hard to a rope. In this way they led the tiger, or the tiger led them, as you please, from place to place on exhibition. In the course of their wanderings they came to somewhere, a village or town, just when a photographer happened to be passing through, and he, hearing of the strange company, sent for them. Now about the only performance that the tiger had in its repertoire was killing animals, and it occurred to the artist that an instantaneous photograph of the great beast in the very act of striking down its victim would make an interesting picture. So arrangements were made. A full-grown buffalo was purchased and taken out to the edge of the jungle, and there tethered with twenty feet of rope to a stake. The photographer took up his station on foot outside the radius of the animal's tether, and the tiger was then brought up on the opposite side and shown its victim. At once it fixed its dreadful eyes on the doomed thing. Its lips curled back in a hideous snarl,

and it began to move towards the buffalo. The ropes were one by one slipped off, and there, twenty yards apart, stood the two beasts. But the buffalo gave no sign of flight, or even of consciousness of danger. It simply stood staring in a helpless sort of fascination at the advancing brute. At first the tiger had crouched; but now it stood erect, and, with restless tail, and teeth all flashing out of the red gums, stepped slowly forwards across the intervening space.

Foot by foot the interval between the buffalo and death—cruel, relentless, inevitable—was diminished. Yet the great horned beast never stirred. Its eyes were fixed on the tiger's. Its breath came quick and hot from its nostrils. Once and again, and once more, the beast of prey paced on—and then stopped. It was within striking distance. The buffalo gave no sign; but its sides were heaving rapidly; its terror was audible in its panting. And then, lo! on a sudden the great striped body was launched through the air. There was a dull thud as it struck the buffalo, and, as it smitten by a thunderbolt, the huge animal, its neck broken by the blow of the tiger's fore-arm, fell. At this moment, this inefinite point of time, the artist touched the trigger of the spring shutter, and in the fraction of a second the picture was on his plate—the tiger in the act of striking. And none soon, for, before the hand could slip in another slide, the buffalo's knees bent beneath it, and the dead bulk fell. The tragedy was complete.

And the photographer? He had some trying moments. The tiger might have preferred the artist to the beef; and, had the victim retreated to the end of its tether, the beast of prey would have been as near the one as the other. But it was a "tame" tiger, you know, and so the photographer got his "sun-picture." Neither alive nor dead, the huge victim is seen at the exact moment of time when it is sinking under the weight of its dreadful murderer. Swifter even than death itself, the sensitive plate seized the reflection of the collapsing buffalo before it had time to die; and though decease was, humanly speaking, instantaneous, the one beat of the heart that intervened between the awful blow of the tiger's paw and its victim's actual surrender of existence sufficed for the artist to catch and fix, with unerring fidelity, the attitudes of the slayer and the slain.



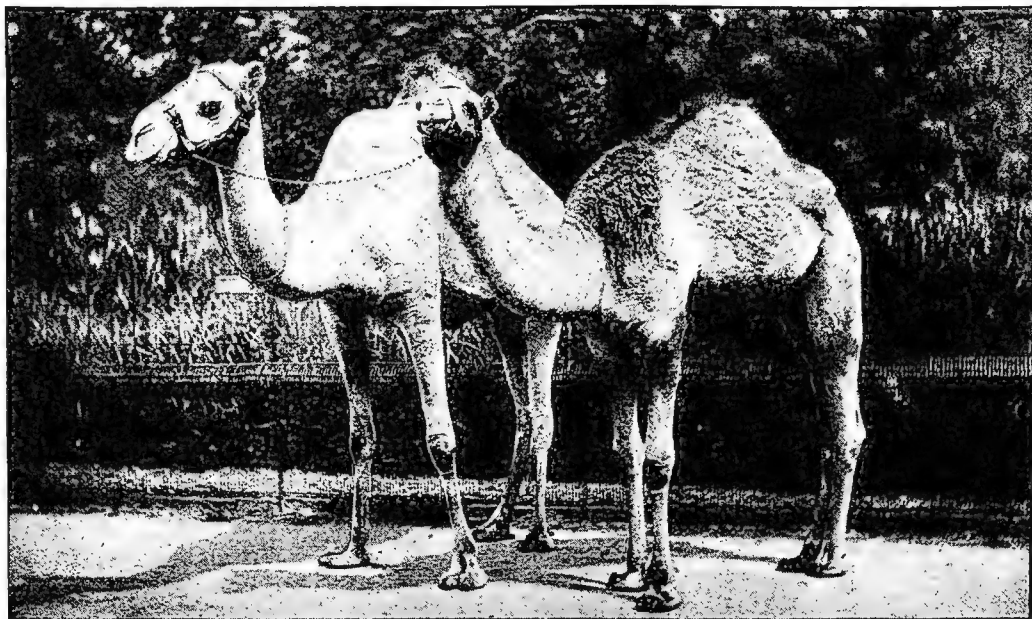
POLAR BEAR

There are few animals I fancy in the whole Gardens with such a distinct and decided individuality as the Polar Bear. It is virtually the only representative of the Arctic Regions—"the member for the North Pole." And in every detail of its natural history it possesses a singular interest, from the fact that it is the only large carnivore of the country it inhabits, and therefore has had, so it seems, to invent its manners and customs for itself. No other animal showed it how to hunt seals with such pitiless unrelenting pursuit, to go egg-hunting among the rocks, to lurk behind the icebergs and stalk the Esqui-

maux at their work. Says one traveller, "Many is the man I know who has had the bear's rough hand laid upon his shoulder as he has been sitting watching or skinning seals." But the huge beast does not attack the man. The latter pretends to be dead, and the bear then falls to at the seal, and when it has eaten enough, it goes away. At the first fall of snow the females dig themselves caves, and go to sleep till "the spring," when the cubs are born. By that time the natural heat of her body has melted the snow all round her, so that the cubs find a roomy nursery all ready for them under the drift. Here they remain till the weather is warm enough for exit to be easy, and the poor mother, very weak and thin, creeps out into the sunlight with her children. It is a wonderful life-history altogether, this of the Polar Bear; and the transition from Greenland with "its white bears all in a dim blue world, muzzling their meals by twilight," to Regent's Park with the hungry monster in the broad glare of day gnashing at its bars in its anxiety to seize its dole of flesh, is very striking. Other animals suggest a score of pictures. The Polar bear only one. But it is one of surpassing romance and a terrific individuality.

Two of the participators in the Prince's Indian hunting are at the Zoo now. They are Jung Pershad and Safr Kali, the Prince's elephants. The former has supplanted Jumbo, so they tell me, in the gigantic but fickle affections of Alice. Poor Jumbo! I read with much pleasure the account of his conduct when Barnum's show caught fire at Chicago. The delectable giant, as soon as he found out what was the matter, walked out of the circus into the open air—and took his blanket and pail out with him. Could anything have been more becoming, more Jumboish, than

so we got out and began our walk. Now in the centre of the maidan stood a barn in which the elephants belonging to the department of which Colonel G—— was the chief stored their forage, and on the evening in question one of these animals, having been either idle or misbehaving, was still at that late hour busy unloading itself. And



SWIFT RIDING-CAMEL AND HER FOAL FROM THE SOUDAN

a very bad temper, indeed, it was in. We had got about a third of our way when I heard

its shrill cry, protesting at working overtime, and its trumpeting, significant of revolt. My companion heard it too, and she laughed. "What a queer noise the elephant is making!" she said. "Yes, very queer," I replied—but I didn't laugh. For again I heard the voice of the angry beast, and, so it seemed to me, coming nearer. I walked on listening with both my ears. And then on a sudden I caught that strange rustling sound which an elephant when moving fast always makes. It is the feet brushing on the surface of the ground. Otherwise the advance of the colossal brute is noiseless. "Can you run?" I suddenly asked my companion. "Yes, of course I can run," she said. "Why?" "Look," I said. "Do you see that white thing glimmering over there? It is a culvert, a little bridge. When I tell you to go, you must run there as fast as ever you can, and creep right in as far as you can get." While I was speaking I was staring into the gloom, trying to catch sight of the on-coming beast. But against the deep shadows of the barn and the trees behind nothing could be seen. Then I heard the clink of a chain—quite close—on my right hand. "Run," I said, and the next instant there towered up out of the gloom, seeming positively to overshadow me—the elephant! For an instant I saw the gleam of its sawn tusk-stumps, heard the great brute breathe, and then—why or wherefore is a mystery—it swung swiftly round, and vanished as spectrally as it had appeared. It was all over in a second. My companion had only got a few yards. I called out to her and she stopped, and then we ran for Colonel G.'s bungalow. Next morning we heard that one of Colonel G.'s elephants had killed its keeper "the night before, just after dark."

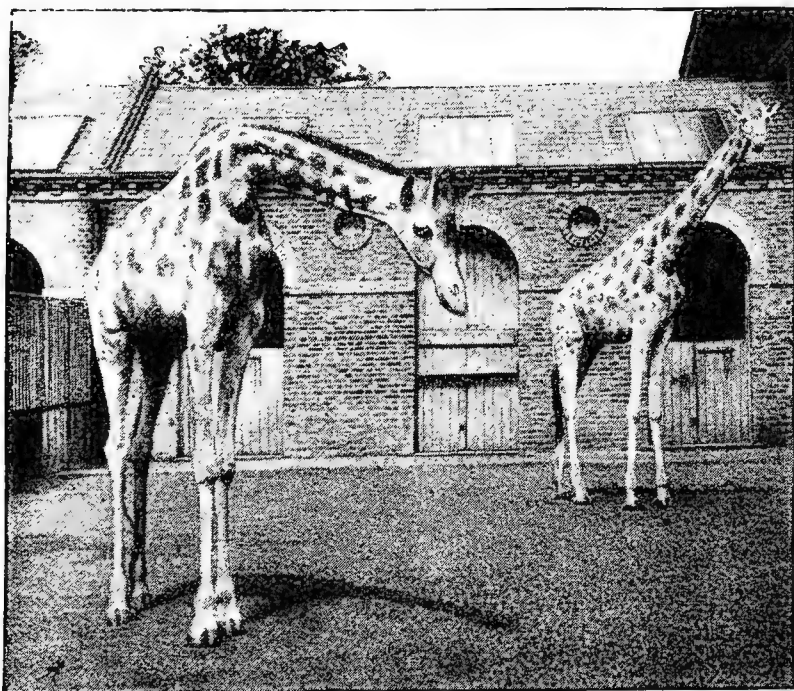
Impressed into the same service of penny rides are our friends the "bunch-back" camels, as Isaiah calls them. In our picture they are seen off duty. But do you think that contents them? Not a

observation, I venture to add. In the Zoo the camels do not grumble. Now I am perfectly aware that no one who has had anything to do with camels will believe this possible. Yet such is the case nevertheless. Moreover, it is a fact that under British education, under the influence, that is to say, of civilisation, the camels of the Soudan most distinctly abandoned much of their Oriental character. They surrendered the fiction of Kismet altogether, and took to their day's work as intelligently as horses. I am speaking of course of the riding camels. Grumble—of course they did, but then grumbling is as natural to them as chewing the cud. They do both together without thinking. But they learned evolutions, and distinguished military calls. Instead of persisting in one pace only, they changed their stride when called upon. In fact, the alteration in them was just as apparent as in any other Asiatic or African race brought into personal contact with Englishmen. They proved themselves quite as capable of progress, as amenable to education, as their native masters. For these races have stereotyped themselves, partly from a natural laziness, partly from a deliberately adopted apathy, into monotony. As one generation did, so does the next. The son takes up his father's plough, and asks and seeks no better, nor his son after him. His pariah dog sits in the street, mangy and idle, scratching itself and crying "yap-yap!" at nothing. But let the same dog attach itself to an Englishman—and they do it with a frequency that tells of itself the secret of the dog's exaltation above all other animals—and the change is amazing. It grows into a handsome dog, and carries its head up. Its faithfulness has an intensity that is pathetic. Driven

from the door, it as constantly returns. No ride that its master can take is long enough to tire it: it, the creature that heretofore would hardly take the trouble to move out of the dust to give the passing wheel sufficient room. It is just the same with the camel. The Oriental has degraded it into "camelishness"—they have no worse word for stupidity. Both French and Germans even have got the same taunt in their language. But if the Soudan War has done nothing else, it has set me fair and square with the camel. I used to think it incapable of improvement. But I was wrong. So I am glad to know that Allah has let it into Paradise—along with Mahomet's horse, the Queen of Sheba's ass, and Tobit's dog. I can believe now in a beatified, angelic, celestial camel—the which is of the manner of miracles.

Camelopard (please note that there is no *e* after the *l*) means, I take it, "a camel with a suspicion of the pard about it," or a leopard-skinned camel. But no wonder the ancients were puzzled about this creature. It is the best instalment of the impossible we have had vouchsafed to us. A few centuries ago they would not even believe that there was such a creature. Look at the illustration. The giraffe in the foreground, with its head only half mast high, so to speak, is looking at the ground as if it had only just found it out. The other seems wondering what its companion can have found so low down. For they are more familiar with ceilings than with floors. They go sniffing about among the rafters while other animals are investigating the ground. They are sky-raking creatures, and pass their lives, as it were, looking out of upper storey windows. Yet this high living does not make them proud. On the contrary, they have an appearance of very gentle humility. They deprecate criticism by a suave demeanour as if they knew they were zebras gone to seed. The ostrich, so the legend says, did not know whether it was expected to think itself a bird or a beast, nor did the bat, and they both got into trouble for humming and hawing over the matter. Something of the same hesitation might have been permitted to the camelopard, for it lives as much among the birds as the beasts, while I cannot help thinking that there is some private reason for that languid, high-bred grace of the animal's movements. When it stoops it condescends loftily. It is always a puzzle to me, the giraffe, and the whimsical philosopher might easily chance upon less worthy subjects for contemplation than this elevated animal that uses its head as a flail when fighting—thus ingeniously advantaging itself of its long neck—and is capable of catching seven feet of sore throat from a single draught.

In a neighbouring compartment are the zel-ras, and the illustration here given is signally successful. The attitude of the beautiful

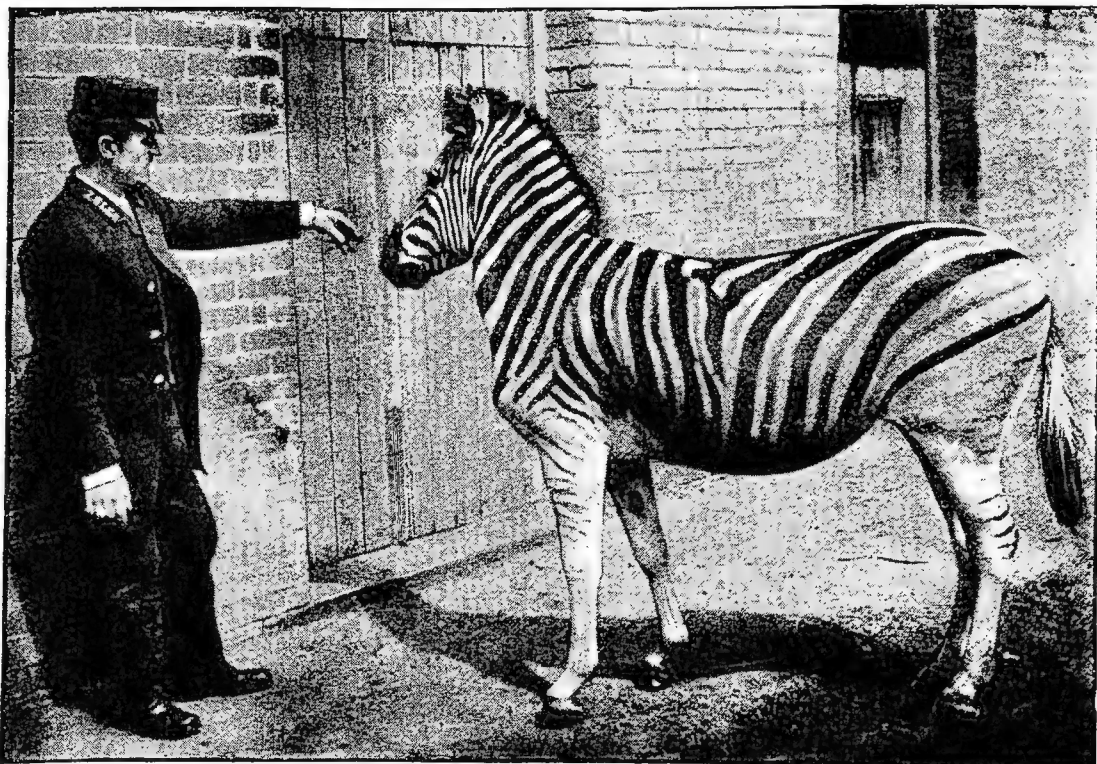


GI R A F F E S

this deliberate thoughtfulness at a moment of great excitement and panic? "Calm amidst scenes of havoc, in his own huge strength impregnable." But the Indians do their best to fill his place as a quadruped child-omnibus. With her full complement of passengers, Safr Kali stands in the picture with just the same old air of intelligent resignation. I once called the elephant a square animal with a leg at each corner, and a tail at each end, and the illustration, I think, bears out the description. How immaterial the weight of the "howdah" and its eight occupants seems upon a back supported by four such columnar legs—the Indians say that the earth is square, and that it is held up by an elephant standing under each corner—and as a matter of fact, if they were well squeezed together, the whole octave of children could get inside Safr Kali's head. The old-world dignity of the "earth-bearing olyphaunte," the beast of war, has in great measure passed away, but later generations have enlisted its sagacious strength into their service, and while still employing it with our armies—as for instance when they dragged to the gates of Cabul the guns that shook Shere Ali from his Afghan throne, and drove Ayoub Khan back from Candahar—have invested it with an affectionate regard unknown to antiquity. Everybody thinks well of elephants. Children positively love them. It delights them to condescend to "the huge earth-shaking beast;" and the little girl in the picture who has got so flat up against the railings to let Safr Kali pass, always deems it a precious privilege, albeit of a somewhat solemn sort, to give Behemoth a bun. But dropping buns into an elephant have about the same appreciable effect, in filling it up, as the jackdaw's dropping straws down a factory-chimney. It disposes of them multitudinously, with an indifference to consequences that gradually becomes appalling. It would take all the cake-bakers, not only of Ierne, but of all Grangousiers's dominions, to satisfy such a cavernous appetite.

I have myself, for personal reasons, a very high opinion of elephants. It was once my misfortune to be in the power of one of these Behemoths—and it let me go. This I consider most intelligent, for if, instead of allowing me to escape, it had made a shuttlecock of me and a football, as elephants do when they wish to kill anything, I should never have lived to say and write all the kind things about these beasts which I have said and written during the nine years that have passed since that eventful evening.

It was at Allahabad, in the North-West Provinces, that one evening in the hot weather I had the pleasure of driving a lady in my dog-cart. On the way home it occurred to us to make a call upon Colonel G——, and when we reached the maidan, or wide plain, which, on the further side, his bungalow overlooked, we agreed to let the dog-cart be led round, and to cross the maidan to his house on foot. There were sundry ditches and numerous rat-holes in the plain which made driving in the dark rather risky work,



ZEBRA

bit of it. A camel will make itself miserable all the morning in thinking that it will have to do something in the afternoon. Yet there is this very remarkable fact about camels—the result of my own

animal is admirable. It has known Hicks, its keeper, for years, and, for a zebra, is tame. But note that the keeper is not actually touching it, and mark too the cock of the ears, the expression of the

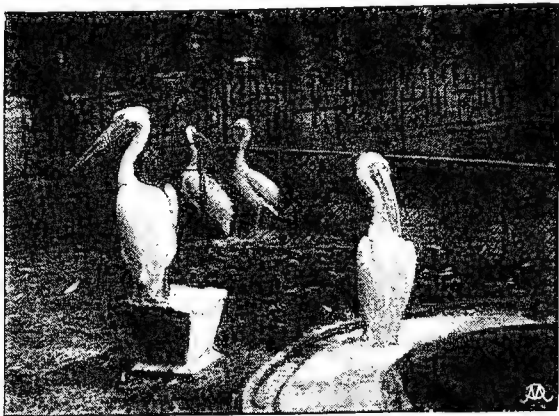
tail, the position of the fore-legs. Shall it make a vicious bite at the hand held towards it? or shall it swing round and kick? The half-jerk of the head to one side, the readiness to spring aside are most truthfully characteristic. This pretty beast is very popular with the public. The shape of it commends itself familiarly to them. Its colours attract approval. The symmetry of its limbs, the sleekness of its coat, are engaging. But it is timid in the extreme. At night especially, if it hears any strange noise, if any one attempts to approach it stealthily, all the old desert-instinct to escape from the prowling beast of prey is on the alert at once. It dashes up from its bed, and if the suspicious sounds continue would fling itself about in its crib with such violence as to injure itself. The old days, when the crackling of a twig, the rustle of dividing grass betrayed the approach of the creeping lion, are not yet forgotten, and "the wind-footed ones" are up on the instant, and in mad efforts to fly batter themselves against their railings. Yet zebras, "broken to harness," have been advertised for sale. All the same, I would not guarantee them as "quiet."

Another very popular section of the gardens is the deer-shed, and not without reason. The beauty of these animals is ample attraction. For illustration in these columns have been selected two specially striking species. One of these—that which Wilkins, the guide, philosopher, and friend of the seals and the sea-lions, is tempting to stand still by the promise of a bunch of leaves—is the Mohr gazelle from North Africa, a creature of surpassing elegance, shape, and incredible agility. Even when merely frisking in its enclosure it will sometimes bound up so high that its keepers fear it may clear its railings, which are over seven feet in height. Nor does it merely give one such leap at a time, but goes on bounce, bounce, with all the elasticity of india-rubber. Had it more room, say a fair run of twenty yards, this little antelope would clear its enclosure with ease. The larger deer is scientifically known as "Lhudorf's deer," and is, in its way, one of the most interesting inmates of the gardens. It comes from Amoor-land, and is therefore strictly Asiatic in its range, and yet, except for difference of size, it is identical with the Wapiti of Canada. How these two colonies of the same animal got separated by a continent and an ocean is one of the problems of the zoologist. And which of the two is after the original pattern? Has the type dwindled in Central Asia, or increased in Northern America? In the Gardens they can be examined side by side, for the Lhudorf and its giant congener live in adjoining enclosures, and next to them are the female Lhudorfs with their young—of which the Lhudorf is the father. These hybrids bid fair to surpass the Wapiti in size, for already, although only a twelvemonth old, their backs are level with their mother's, and if their horns develop to the extraordinary dimensions of the Canadian deer, they will be, indeed, noble representatives of their stately race.

Nor are the yaks, mother and son, also specially selected for illustration, less noteworthy. When the mother arrived in the Gardens a few weeks ago no one expected the interesting event that was impending, so the woolly little stranger was not only welcome but a great surprise. It is a very curious little animal. When lying down, as in the picture, it looks like what it really is, a calf, but when standing up is far more like a sheep. Its body is covered with close, soft wool, its tail is large and fluffy. It is a great prize, the more so that it has horns budding. For as yet the Society has never had a horned yak, both the bull and the cow which are in the Zoo being naturally "polled." In its native country, the highest uplands of Thibet, the wild yak is black, with horns of considerable length. But those in the Zoo are the half-domesticated cattle of the Bhootan merchants, and the possession of horns, as the youngster in the Gardens proves, is an accident of fortune. A long fringe of close-growing hair that in many specimens sweeps the ground has often puzzled me, but Mr. Bartlett made a conjecture the other day which seems to me to have hit the mark. This fringe, in fact, is a natural mat for the yaks to lie upon, and thus keep their bodies off the snow!

As representing the feathered folk, our artist has selected that notable old fowl, the pelican. The picture is a delightful one of these "grave and reverend seignors" of the pool, and the bird itself, whether in fiction or fact, is so quaint, so full of character, so interesting, that I do not wonder at its having filled a large space in the literature of fancy, and attracted, wherever seen, such amused attention. To steamer-passengers, outward bound, the flocks of pelicans that cover the creeks of the Red Sea lakes, and fringe the pools, are a never-failing source of interest, and up the Nile and in Suakin harbour during the recent campaigns they were notable among the picturesque features of river bank and sea beach. I asked, through a polyglot friend, both Soudanese and Egyptians if they had ever heard of pelicans being trained to fish for their owners, and from their unconcealed incredulity at such a thing being possible I suppose the practice does not exist. Yet the pelican would seem to be as suitable for the purpose as the cormorant, of which the Chinese fishermen make such good use; and, indeed, when we look at the large pouches with which Nature has considerably furnished them, it might be thought even more so. They are tractable birds, and those in the Zoo are as tame as farm-yard fowls.

"Solemn" is one of the epithets which poets apply to this wise-looking creature, and not without reason. When at



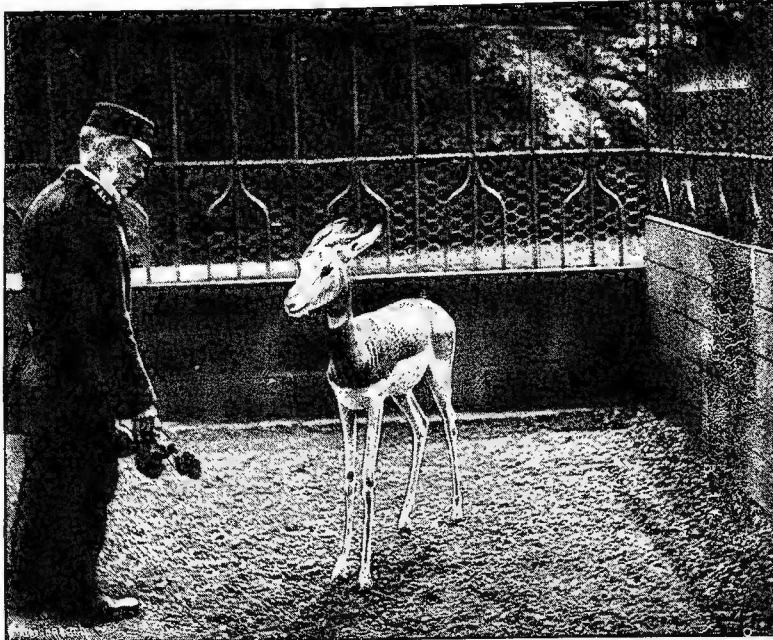
PELICANS

freedom their behaviour is curiously deliberate and circumspect. They are never frivolous, for even when they dance, which they do sometimes to the music of their own quackering, they do it, like Queen Elizabeth, "high and composedly." With Bacon they agree that "dancing to song is a thing of great state." Their days, as a rule, are passed in serene tranquillity. They sleep together in large assemblies—most of them on the ground, but many upon the boughs of trees overhead—and in the morning set out sociably all together for their fishing-grounds, and at once commence work with a queer air of "methodical determination," as one naturalist describes it, that is very funny to watch. As each one

has eaten enough it wades out of the water solemnly and in a full-fed way, and stepping on to the land, there stops. It will not go a step further than it need; but leaning its beak down on its breast stands in a double-chinned reverie, digesting its breakfast. You might think the thing was dead, or carved in marble. It never moves, but, like the Hindoo devotee when piously absorbed in the contemplation of nonentity, keeps fixedly in its original attitude with downcast head and trance-like stillness. By and by it shakes itself and commences its toilette. This is long, elaborate, and scrupulously careful. Sometimes a tuft of down sticks uncomfortably in its huge beak, and the grotesque attempts of the bird to get rid of it by snapping and shaking its head violently is one of the funniest sights in nature. But when at last it is dressed even to its own fastidious satisfaction, the chin sinks down on the soft breast, the legs bend up softly beneath it, and the pelican drops off to sleep. So the noontide passes. Towards evening the white assembly awakes. There is a prodigious rustling of plumage, and then, solemn and slow, they waddle away in company to the water to catch their suppers. This occupies the time pleasantly till sunset, when with one accord they rise—and the noise of their wings as they do so is a sound to remember—and pass away in V-shaped flight to their roosting place on some solitary sand bank or mid-river island. When they have nestlings to be attended to, their laborious care of them is a wonder, for the nurseries are often at a long distance from the fishing grounds, and the old ones with their pouches burdened have to come and go several times a day.

How this bird arrived at the ecclesiastical dignities which it now enjoys, as the symbol in Christian art of Charity, and even of the more sacred significances of Atonement and Resurrection, it is curious to trace. Modern ingenuity has suggested that the ruddy tip of the bill when seen against the white breast suggested a drop of blood, but Antiquity did not require any suggestions from fact for originating fancies. The old-world people who understood how toads hatched cockatrices out of cocks' eggs, and how the phoenix burnt itself to ashes every hundred years, did not need any promptings from Nature to imagine on an extensive scale.

Now the pelican of mediæval fancy is borrowed from the vulture of antiquity, or at any rate a vulturine bird. The Egyptians as far

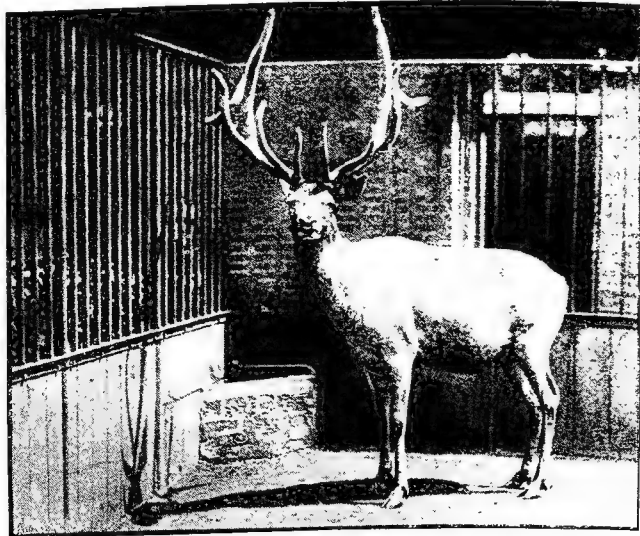


MOHR GAZELLE

as our historical resources go were the first to symbolise compassion by the vulture, "because," it was said, "if food cannot be procured for its offspring it opens its own thigh and permits the young to partake of the blood, so that they may not perish from want."

The Hebrews therefore carried over with them into Palestine the name of "affectionate bird" for the "Pharaoh's chickens" of the detested Nile. In the classics the same attribute of intense devotion to its young is bestowed on the vulture. But the translators of the Bible read "pelican" for "vulture," and the mediæval fancy, delighted with the myth, amplified and varied it. St. Augustine annotating the Psalms says, "The male pelican is said to kill the young (who rebel against it) by blows of its beak, and to bewail their death for three days. At length, however, it is said, the mother-bird inflicts a severe wound on herself, pouring the flowing blood over the dead nestlings, which instantly brings them to life." This fable was widely accepted, and sometimes the sexes are found reversed, the mother killing, and the father reanimating. By this curious and circuitous way has the pelican arrived at much adventitious honour. "The sad pelican, subject divine for poetry," says one devout poet, while many others applaud it for killing itself in order to nourish its young. Yet the idea of the "indulgent desert-bird," as they call it, "opening to the young her tender breast" and feeding them on the "life-drops of her heart," is surely absurd. What pelican of sense would sacrifice her life for the sake of giving her children a single meal? But the simile was such a useful one to our moralists in metre, that they would not discard it, and so the "kind life-rendering pelican," as Hamlet calls it, lives in verse as a model of maternal affection with which even the turtle dove cannot compare, and from which human mothers are often invited to take pattern. Heraldry of course has made this quaint bird its own, and always in the same

association, of saving life. But there were apparently three different ways in which it did it—by feeding them with their heart's blood, or by sprinkling it over them when killed by the other parent, or by anointing them when bitten by deadly snakes—



LUHDORF'S DEER

the living pelican,
Whose young ones poisoned by the serpents' sting,
With her own blood to life again doth bring.

It is always spoken of heraldically as "a pelican in its piety," and as such has been the crest and badge of Kings, and Queens, Popes, Archbishops, and Princes. As the "trade mark" of various companies the bird with a short hooked beak and the claws of a vulture is feeding its young ones from its breast still survives. This is the identical picture, probably, of which that eagle-eyed inquirer, Sir Thomas Browne, exposes the fallacy. "For if naturally examined and not hieroglyphically conceived, it containeth many improprieties, disagreeing almost in all things from the true and proper description." On sign-boards also this weird fowl swings, as the following verse, written by a traveller discontented with mine host's charges, bears witness to—

The Pelican at Speenhamland
That stands below the hill,
May well be called the Pelican,
From his enormous bill.

Yet after all, perhaps, one of the most curious traditions about the bird is that which earned for it in parts of Egypt the name of the "water-camel," the pelican being supposed to use its pouch as a water-lag, something after the fashion of the camel's private cistern. Its nest, so it was said, was a clay basin, which, when the young birds were hatched, the old ones used as a fish-pond, filling it with water for the purpose, and keeping it stocked with provisions for the nestlings. The wild beasts of the wilderness, it was further alleged, knew of this thoughtful habit of the fowl, and used to take the liberty of coming and drinking at the pelican's pump when the parents were away—but always refrained from harming the young. It is a delightful story, but when we think of the amount of work which all these thirsty lions, giraffes, and zebras must have given the poor water-carrying couple, their bibulous proceedings savour of immorality. At all events they should have paid some sort of "science money" for evaded water-rates. It was hardly enough, as the old writers seem to have thought, to leave the young birds unmolested. The beasts knew very well that if they gobbled up the pelicans they were killing the goose that laid the eggs, and cutting off their own water. Besides, if a man came in and ate up

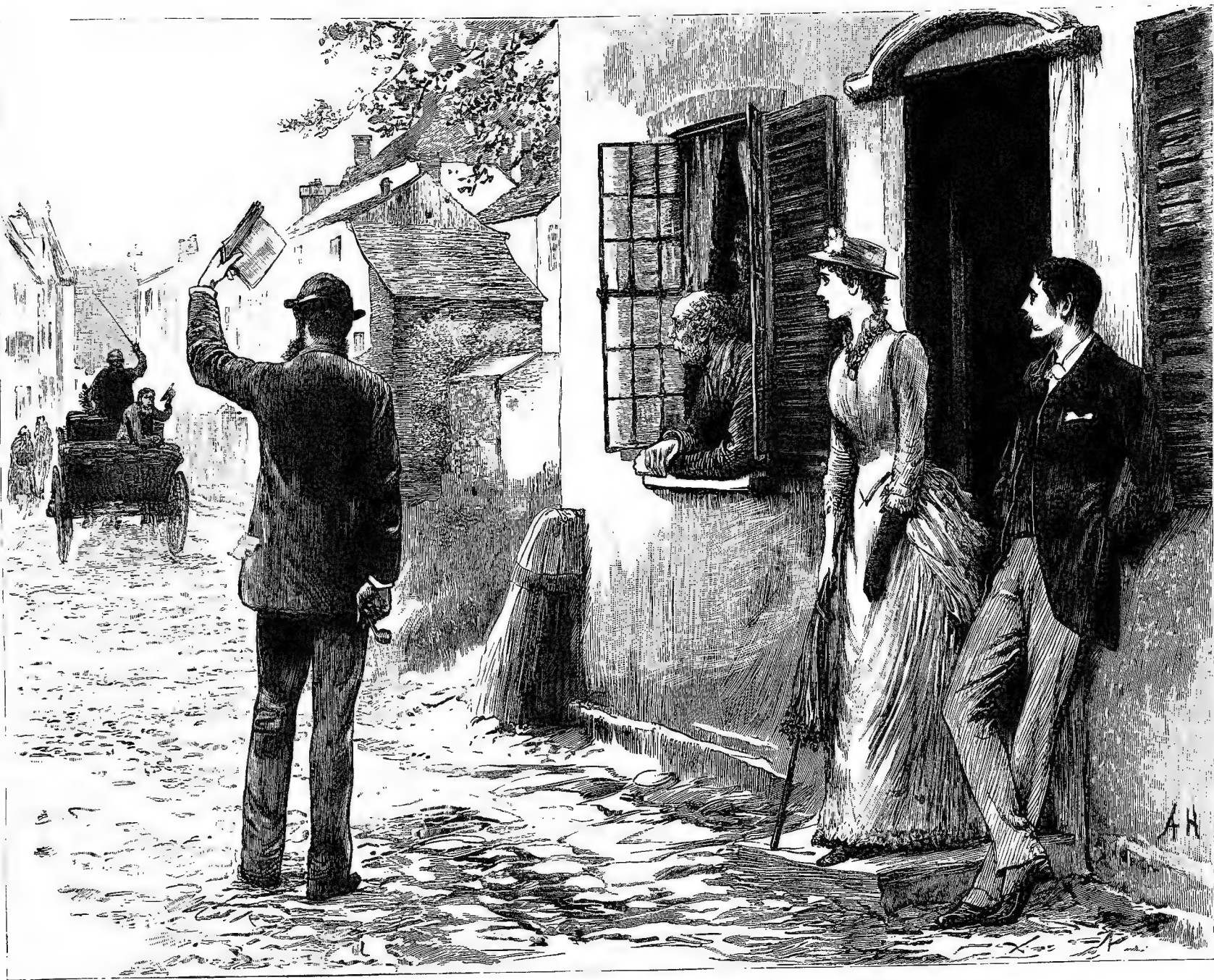


LION FROM UPPER NUBIA

my dinner while I was out, I should scarcely think he had acted handsomely because he had refrained from garotting my cook.

PHIL ROBINSON

The instantaneous photographs from which our illustrations are engraved are by Mr. C. J. Hinman, and obtained a medal at the recent Amateur Photographic Exhibition.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"O'Rourke waved his hat to the little party gathered about the door, and his last glance was for Angela."

FIRST PERSON SINGULAR

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY,

Author of "Joseph's Coat," "Coals of Fire," "Val Strange," "Hearts," "A Model Father," &c.

CHAPTER XIII.

DOBROSKI and O'Rourke sat together in a chamber of the Cheval Blanc.

"You thought my scheme a madman's vision when you heard it first," said the old man, in his tired and tranquil way. "But now? Speak without fear, and with perfect candour."

"I see a practical possibility in it," returned the other. "A bare possibility, but still a possibility."

"Possibility enough to make it worth while to strike when the time comes?"

"Possibility enough to make it worth while to strike when the time comes. Yes." There was a something in O'Rourke's manner of repeating the phrase which made the repetition seem weighty, reflective, and full of respect for Dobroski's years and qualities. "But—" He paused with a look of thought, and drummed upon the table with his fingers.

"But—?" said Dobroski.

"We must not lose the cause," said O'Rourke, looking up with a sudden brightness which was at once eager and apologetic. "You must not lose the cause for want of a little candour. You have laid your scheme before me. You have given me facts, names, numbers. You tell me that I have your perfect confidence, and that I know now all you have to tell."

"There are details," answered Dobroski, "countless details. But the main facts are yours."

"I am not disputing, sir," said O'Rourke, with a smile which seemed to say how impossible that would be. "I am only recapitulating. But you see, Mr. Dobroski, I get these things from the fountain head, and I am assured of their verity. But when you ask me to be your emissary at home, you forget that I have neither your years, your first-hand knowledge, your history, nor your authority. In short, sir, I am Hector O'Rourke, and you are John Dobroski. If I carry this prodigious scheme to the men in England and in Ireland who would be ready to receive it, and to take part in it, what credentials have I?"

Dobroski turned his mournful eyes full upon O'Rourke, and regarded him in silence for a time. O'Rourke bore the scrutiny with an admirable candour and modesty.

"That does not speak well for your opinion of the scheme," said Dobroski, after a noticeable pause. "I know, and no man knows better, that when we strike we strike for life or death. I know that

a single indiscretion, a single poltronnerie, may ruin us. I have weighed the chances and counted the cost for years."

"I recognise the dangers, too," said O'Rourke, "but we must face them and outface them." He spoke lightly, but with an underlying resolve so clearly indicated that there was no doubting him.

"No," he went on, with another manner, as if the underlying seriousness broke out of itself. "It is not the danger of the scheme that gives me pause. But it needed all your close and intimate knowledge, all the authority you carry in your name and your career to make the existence of so vast a plan seem possible. I accept the scheme," he said, vividly, half rising from his seat, with both hands on the table. "I bind myself to it without reserve. Win or lose!"

He dropped back with that emphatic declaration. "But," he hastened on, "except upon the fullest exposition I would not have taken it. Except upon the loftiest authority I would not have given credence to it. No, Mr. Dobroski, you must come yourself to England. Leave me behind to work as your lieutenant there, if you think me worthy of the post; but come yourself and bear the news, and make the first appeal."

"When do you return?" demanded Dobroski.

"The men I want you to meet," returned O'Rourke, "cannot be assembled at a moment's notice." He wanted to see more of Angela, and was not disposed to be hurried homewards even by Dobroski's surprising plan for the reformation of the world. "I can write at once if you will go, and can put affairs in train."

"I will go," said Dobroski, "if you think it needful."

"I think it actually needful," O'Rourke answered. "I will write and will make arrangements. We had better not travel together. It would be better if you should go first and leave me to follow, as if I only left here because my holidays were ended."

"Good," said Dobroski, and after a minute's pause he added, "I will start to-night. The longer the interval between my going and your following, the less cause to suspect that we have a common errand. Perhaps I can be doing something in the mean time."

Now this did not altogether please O'Rourke, for if anything were to be done with this really remarkable plan, he wanted not unnaturally to have a hand in it. And lest it should be supposed that the young Irish patriot was altogether carried away into the realms of unreason by Dobroski's eloquence it may be well to explain his attitude with some precision. Gentlemen who played at politics in Ireland had of late years sometimes played a dangerous game. It is never very easy to run with the hare and hunt with the

hounds; and to fulfil with reasonable fidelity the functions of burglar and policeman both at once is a task of considerable difficulty. In the House of Commons honourable and right honourable gentlemen by this time accepted with complacency his phrase "one of the moderate party," but there were other and smaller assemblies in which he was cited as a member of a very different order. He had to know many things of which not only galled his conscience, poor man, but were dangerous to all who knew them. As matters stood with him he had either to know these things or to cut himself adrift from many old companions and tried friends—ancient comrades in array against the hated Saxon. Such a severance would not merely have been painful to his feelings, but fatal to his political ambitions. In short, he knew the dark and sinister interior of Irish politics, and he was doing what many of his countrymen have done, was mixing fire and gunpowder in the sincere hope that there would be no explosion. There were spirits, partly under his guidance, so wild and so untutored by history, that to them Dobroski's scheme would instantly commend itself as feasible. Already—for he had no doubts of Dobroski—there were hundreds of people in Europe who were visionary enough to dream that the wild nightmare would translate itself into fact, and some of the men the young Irishman had to guide were men who shared their spirit. And the old Polish enthusiast's nightmare had this advantage over all the other nightmare dreams of Liberty by Chaos which O'Rourke had encountered in his time. It depended for its translation into history upon the occurrence of an event which might never take place, and was certainly removed to some distance in respect to time. Supposing it were true that Russia was engaged in the attempt to fan into flame the slumbering discontent of India, and, even supposing that she succeeded, it was not the work of a day. Attending on that event he could, perhaps, keep the wild spirits quiet for a time, engaging them in missions here and there, which would lead to nothing but a good deal of vapour and tall talk—could point triumphantly to a tranquillised Ireland from St. Stephen's, and justify his attitude there amongst his friends by the necessity for lulling the Saxon into a false security.

Dobroski's plan seemed to O'Rourke on an intimate survey of it a most excellent method for doing nothing at all, whilst professing to do everything, and this above all other things was what the patriot desired. He had not an easy part to play, and he knew well enough that between his two stools he might come to the

ground; but he had always balanced himself with great adroitness hitherto, and had plenty of confidence in himself for the future.

"Yes," he said with a thoughtful air in answer to Dobroski's last speech, "you may be working in the mean time. The best man to see in the first place would be——" He paused meditatively, with his thumb and finger searching for something in his waistcoat pocket, and by and by drew forth a card case and a pencil, and having written a name and an address upon the back of the card, he pushed it across the table to Dobroski.

"Oh, yes," said the old man, reading the pencilled inscription. "He will serve. I have heard of him by my good friend Bremner." He repeated the address two or three times aloud as if to fix it in his memory, and then striking a match, he applied its flame to the corner of the card, and held it until all but a fragment was consumed.

"Why do you burn the card?" asked O'Rourke.

"Long as I have been maturing this plan," said Dobroski, "and intricate as it is, I have not a document concerning it. There is nothing however small or trivial that may not serve as a clue. Suppose, with all things ready, that this card were found. Mr. Hector O'Rourke introduces John Dobroski to Mr. George Frost. A simple thing; but dangerous to you if anything were guessed or known." He smiled in his own melancholy fashion. "Traitors, women, and the pen are the wreck of many revolutions. As for treason, that is hard to guard against, and somehow women creep into most conspiracies; but that is easy," pointing at the charred remnant of pasteboard.

"The actually necessary documents might be kept in cypher."

"Useless. I am altogether of Poe's opinion. The ingenuity of man cannot construct a cypher which the ingenuity of man cannot solve."

So then, thought O'Rourke, that grizzled head contained the sole complete record of the notable scheme, and when in the course of a few years it would plot and plan no longer, the scheme would naturally fall to pieces. An enterprise like Dobroski's, which was daring and wild enough to enlist the passionate sympathies of all the political desperadoes in Ireland, and which was certain to come to nothing, whilst it kept everybody at once very busy and very harmless, was the precise thing he wanted. Of his own initiative he could never have created such a scheme. It needed, as he owned to himself, the picturesque, romantic, and even venerable figure of Dobroski behind it.

He did not speak his mind, but sat absorbed in reflections about this new Great Cause. Dobroski rolled a cigarette and began to smoke. There was silence for about five minutes, and then O'Rourke lifted his head and asked a question.

"You write to each other at times? You cannot always communicate personally?"

"We write at times," returned Dobroski, "but if the letters are in any way compromising we destroy them. Generally we send them by safe hands. A tourist comes here to visit the neighbouring grottoes. A commercial traveller comes down to break ground for an unknown firm. It is easy enough. I need scarcely tell you that we trouble the post with nothing that is of genuine consequence."

"You will start to night, then?" asked O'Rourke gravely and inferentially after another lengthy pause. It would have been obvious to anybody that he was looking things in the face, that he was accepting enormous responsibilities, and was conscious of their magnitude.

"Yes," said Dobroski; "I will start to night. I may tell your friend, Mr. Frost, that the plan carries your adherence with it? Your entire approval?"

"That it carries my entire approval with it," O'Rourke answered, slowly and weightily, "because it promises nothing precipitate, because it promises cool and cautious preparation, and good generalship."

"You think he stands in need of that warning?"

"Most of us stand in need of it," said O'Rourke. "We are too eager. We fritter our chances on affairs of outposts. That has always been our trouble."

"I understand," said Dobroski. "I will not forget your warning. But now, sir, I will say farewell. We shall meet again in a little while, I trust. We have not seen much of each other as yet, but I am not slow to read a true man, and I know that I have done well in trusting you. I have fought in this war for now this forty years and more. We have done but little, but at last the hour is coming, and all will soon be done or undone, as God sees best. Farewell, sir."

When he first said farewell he took O'Rourke by the hand, and held him so until he had spoken his last word. O'Rourke looked back into the sad and passionate eyes that gazed into his own, and his glance was affectionate and worshipful.

"Farewell, sir," he answered, with a responsive pressure of Dobroski's hand, and turned towards the door. "In London?" The old man inclined his head. "You do not yet know where you will stay there?"

"Not yet," was the answer. "I will let you know on your return—perhaps before."

With that they parted, and Dobroski went to his chamber to pack up his few and simple necessities, whilst O'Rourke returned to the Hotel des Postes. There he found Mrs. Farley sitting in the afternoon sun in the garden knitting, and the boy, who was in gala dress, was at romps with no less a person than Mr. Zeno, who seemed to enter with extreme zest into his childish sports, and laughed with an almost familiar gaiety at O'Rourke when he found himself detected at these infantile amusements.

"Sweet—boy,—sare," said the Levantine, in his broken English, his tongue making quite a laborious effort at each syllable. O'Rourke nodded, and looked smiling on. Master Austin dashed suddenly into the hotel and returned with a set of harness arranged for the human figure, and a whip. He proceeded to harness Mr. Zeno, who submitted not merely with willingness, but with what looked like a boyish abandonment to the sport, but Lucy, chancing to turn her head and observe this, called out,

"No, no, Austin. You must not do that."

"Oh," said Mr. Zeno, bowing with both arms already pinioned, "Yes, Madame. Please. Not?"

She smiled and bowed a little shyly, and the gay foreigner began to prance about the expanse of broken schist around the flower-beds, the boy shouting and commanding with all his might. Austin, at work above the garden at his open window, looked out, and seeing this spectacle, relented a little towards Mr. Zeno.

"How many Englishmen would do that?" asked Austin of himself, without furnishing an answer. "Isn't it Kingsley who says that a man is never altogether a bad fellow who is fond of children? Perhaps that's rather an obvious reflection. Perhaps very few fellows are altogether bad fellows. Children are good judges, as a rule, and the boy takes to him."

O'Rourke, propping himself by one lazy shoulder against the trunk of a young lime, looked on smiling.

"Neither you nor Austin greatly like that gentleman," he said; "but really, do you know, I think him a very good fellow."

"He seems to be very good-natured," Lucy answered, "and very fond of children." She looked round and saw Mr. Zeno at the limit of the garden, quite out of ear-shot. "But I do not like him, all the same," she added rapidly, and then with a transparent desire to change the theme, "this is the evening for our tour about the world, Mr. O'Rourke. You are coming, of course?"

"Assuredly," cried O'Rourke, gaily. "I wish the gentleman who does the daily terrors for one of the London papers could be

here to see how I am spending my time. Fraser sends me an extract from one of the London dailies—he doesn't say from which, but I know it to be a London paper, because there is a passage which says, 'Here in open day in London,'—and I learn that, in place of spending a tranquil holiday here, with dissolving and stereoscopic views for my extreme of dissipation, I am guilty of I don't know what in the way of treasonable designs and arrangements. That, of course, is because that poor, sad-hearted, noble old patriot, Dobroski, is here. As if he could hurt anybody, poor old fellow, with his harmless dreams of regenerated Poland."

"He has plotted to kill the Czar," said Lucy.

"Ah!" returned O'Rourke. "You must ask your friend, Miss Butler, about that. She has known him all her life."

"You don't believe it?"

"Well," said O'Rourke with a laugh, "he hasn't taken me into confidence or tried to enlist me in respect to that enterprise, at least."

"He may have abandoned the wicked thought, perhaps," said Lucy. "But he had it. I am very sorry for him. I think nobody could help being sorry for him who had seen him, but he is not a man I should like to see much of."

"One can't tell," returned O'Rourke in a gentle and thoughtful tone, "what would happen to oneself in such a case as Dobroski's. I confess to a profound sympathy with him—a profound admiration for his career and qualities. I mean, of course, the career and the qualities which have been visible to the world."

This talk of O'Rourke's involved a precaution so small that many able men would have disdained to take it. But it was his creed that no precaution was too small to be worth taking, provided always that it did not occupy the time which should rightfully have been filled by more important work. Farley and his wife were people who were actually on the spot whilst he was in Janenne and visiting Dobroski, and O'Rourke knew very well that a great many people would question them rather eagerly as to his own movements and his bearing at that time.

"It is almost time that Mr. Maskelyne and his friends were here," said Lucy, rising. "I must go and induce Mr. Farley to leave off work and get ready for them. Come, Austin, you must let that poor gentleman go now. Take off the reins, and come and ask papa to get ready for his friends."

She went away upon this errand, and O'Rourke, with a lazy shoulder still propped against the young lime tree, stood looking reflectively at the distance and fell to thinking of Angela. The remembrance of that little bit of daring of his in the sortie of the grottoes pleased him. Of course, it might have turned out to be too precipitate; but then it had not so turned out. On the contrary, it had justified him thoroughly. She was really a very charming girl—gay, pretty, sprightly, sympathetic in face and manner. A girl likely to be a social success, and likely to have social ambitions if once they were aroused. He wondered pleasantly enough what might be the precise extent of that great fortune of which Fraser had spoken; and then it occurred to him suddenly and for the first time that he had always thought Fraser very much of an ass, that he had countless reasons for supposing him to be a person of small discernment, and that the great fortune his colleague had talked about might prove to be non-existent, or might dwindle on close examination into a few hundreds a year.

"Anyhow," said O'Rourke to himself, "I am as free as ever, and I can make inquiry. We shall see."

The little toy train at the toy railway station at Janenne was getting up steam to be gone, and was making as much noise of preparation as if it had a thousand miles before it. Dobroski emerged from the doorway of the Cheval Blanc, followed by a stout female domestic, who bore a portmanteau in either hand. The old man caught sight of O'Rourke and bowed to him. O'Rourke returned the salute, and turning round when Dobroski had disappeared, saw Austin at his open window.

"Farley," he said, "I believe our old revolutionist is leaving us. He has just gone off to the station with a couple of portmanteaus. Has he said nothing to you about it?"

"Nothing," said Farley, smilingly. "Doesn't he take his fellow conspirator into confidence?"

"Well, you see," returned O'Rourke, smiling also, "I haven't asked him for his confidence. And even if I did he might prefer to keep it."

"Likely enough," said Farley, smiling still. "Hillo! Here are our friends from Houfouy. Meet them for me, there's a good fellow. I'll be down in two minutes."

O'Rourke walked out to the front of the hotel and awaited the arrivals. When they came it was plain to his eyes that Maskelyne's depression of two or three days ago had not altogether left him; and, indeed, he had seen, in the visits he had made to Butler in the interim, signs that the depression deepened. But since Maskelyne's depression obviously meant his own victory, it was not in human nature to be greatly grieved by it. The signs of the young American's despondency were not visible to all the world; but O'Rourke was a keen observer when he chose, and at this moment he chose to watch with extreme closeness. Angela reached out her hand with a frankness altogether encouraging, and O'Rourke accepted it with a finely toned air of deference and respect. All three of the new comers had alighted and entered when Farley came downstairs, and the young American saw his ready rival take an immediate place by Angela, and hear him engage her at once in a talk which, if not precisely bright or witty, was sprightly and friendly and attractive.

"It was I who brought them together," he said to himself. "I have wrecked my own chances. And I never gave him a warning word. O'Rourke isn't the man to intrude himself between a friend and his hopes if he had only known."

At this moment his late delicacy seemed overstrained and extravagant.

"I'm not worthy of her," he said. "O'Rourke is a better man than I am. He's not an objectless, good-for-nothing fellow like me, with nothing but dollars to recommend him. A man with a career before him, and a good beginning behind him. A handsome fellow, too; bright, receptive, quick. A man with everything in his favour. Why shouldn't a girl like him?"

Whilst O'Rourke talked in his gay and sympathetic fashion, and Maskelyne looking out of window indulged these thoughts, there came a tap at the door, and the landlady entered.

"A telegraphic despatch for Monsieur O'Rourke," said she, giving the name a queer sounding foreign twist at which everybody smiled. O'Rourke took the despatch, asked to be excused for a moment, and opened it. He read it at a glance, crushed it in his hand, and stood with an expression of displeasure and irresolution in his face.

"No ill news, I hope," said Farley, approaching him.

"For me," said O'Rourke, looking round at his friend with a sudden bright smile, "the wretchedest ill news in the world. A whip." He held the crumpled telegram up before them. "A whip of scorpions," he added with a laugh. "It drives me from your presence." He bowed to Lucy and Angela as he said this, and went on with a sudden seriousness. "Yes, I must go. I had an idea of refusing—for a single instant, but that is a thing I mustn't do. Farley, order a carriage, and pay my bill for me." He thrust a purse into his friend's hand. "I shall miss the local train, I know, but I can catch the mail on the main line. I must go and pack, and I haven't a minute to lose. I am the unluckiest of men. Back to work again from this paradise of quiet! And to miss the tour of the world!"

He made his excuses and dashed away to pack with an alacrity and eagerness which had all the vivacity of bustle and and somehow missed its vulgarity and avoided its noise. He was down again in a minute or two, portmanteau in hand.

"I leave the heavier things behind," he said gaily. "This will suffice for a day or two. I am sorry to go, but Parliamentary Whips are chieftains that winna gang and daurna be disputed."

Then he let his face cloud somewhat, and, walking to a window, began to drum with absent-seeming fingers on the sill. By and by he turned and met Angela's gaze.

"I am sorry to go," he said, softly, "very sorry."

The carriage Farley had ordered drew up to the door, and the departing traveller shook hands all round. There was no chance for a private word with Angela, but he threw into his parting glance and shake-hands all he dared to express at such a time.

"Five francs if you catch the mail," he cried to the driver as he mounted. The man cracked his whip and started. O'Rourke waved his hat to the little party gathered about the door, and his last glance was for Angela.

"I disappear with an air of some importance," he said to himself, "and that is something. Poor Maskelyne looks a bit too cowed to play up with any spirit for a while, and I shall be back again in three days. That again is something."

CHAPTER XIV.

O'Rourke's departure affected the various members of the party variously. Maskelyne brightened up ever so little to begin with; but, seeing that Angela had suddenly grown grave, he himself grew graver than ever, and dropped into a veritable abyss of despair. But—and this kind of thing happens with great frequency and regularity in the case of lovers—if he had known the reason of the girl's seriousness he would, in place of sinking to despair, have arisen to heights of exultation. For a thing which had been a grievous puzzle to the maiden had grown plain, and if poor Maskelyne had only known it he might have closed a life bargain almost then and there. The maiden's puzzle may be put into the form of a question, as thus. Why, when a young man has been obviously and openly paying court to a girl for two or three years, and when at last he has so far conquered the native shyness of his heart as to kiss her hand in the dark, and when the girl has visited no displeasure upon him in answer to that audacity—why should that young man straightway begin pronouncedly to mope, and to mope about alone, and to wear a countenance of deepest misery? Until the moment of O'Rourke's departure Angela had set down that kiss of the hand in the dark to the account of Maskelyne, and had wondered and waited and waited and wondered, not knowing what to make of his silence and his gloom.

That kiss in the dark, even though it had been imprinted only upon a glove, had been an event altogether memorable in the girl's life. If for a minute or two after it she had been visible she would have been seen suffused with the vividest blushes, and the grey eyes which looked into the darkness would have been seen to be filled with a delicious tender shyness, and the sight of the blushes and the shy, tender eyes would have ravished the heart of any real lover in the world.

Now nobody can employ all the tools in the human workbag, and a girl's choice is especially restricted. Candour, which is the one great instrument men use when they want to disentangle social knots, is a tool almost prohibited in the hands of a young woman. It will, perhaps, be obvious to the meanest intelligence that it was not easy for the girl to ask a plain question and get a plain answer. "Why—since you meant to be sulky after it—did you dare to kiss my hand in the dark?" She formulated that question pretty often in her own mind, and never got an answer to it. It would have settled everything and have made two people happy if she could possibly have put it into words.

She had felt no resentment at the caress, but that was because she had thought it offered by the man to whom her heart had long since given a larger right than that. The caress was naturally a thing for a girl to remember, and there was a peculiarity about the way in which the hand which stole to hers in the darkness had wound itself about her fingers, which was suddenly and vividly called to mind when the departing patriot made his adieux with a precisely similar grasp and pressure, and a look in his eyes which no woman could well have mistaken. She did not need to be told more than she learned in that parting glance and pressure, and whilst O'Rourke rode towards the railway station in full assurance of faith that he had already conquered, she, in thinking of him, was filled with a cold indignation that he should have dared so to presume upon her innocent freedom with him. The brevity of their acquaintance aggravated the offence, and that she herself had been a little to blame, perhaps, made her none the less angry. She was not much of a coquette, but almost every woman may plead guilty to a touch of coquetry, and she knew that she had been a little more amiable towards O'Rourke for Maskelyne's sake than she would have been if he had stood alone. Being denied that arm of candour which men may use towards maidens but maidens may not use towards men, she had perforce employed such weapons as lay within her reach, and had shone upon O'Rourke if only to persuade her older suitor to courage. The older suitor, so far from being persuaded to courage, had simply retired in favour of the new, and she thought her natural little bit of strategy all the more unworthy because it had failed. She had committed no great or very unusual fault, but she felt more and more humiliated and angry as she thought of it. We do not allow our young women to speak their minds upon this sort of question, but it is just as natural for girls to fall in love as for people of the opposite sex, and the poor things must do what they can in their own dumb way.

"I am a flirt," she told herself, "a coquette. He saw it, and took advantage of it. I deserved the insult."

In spite of that admission she could have found it in her heart to box O'Rourke's ears soundly, but that again is an arm denied to women, except to those who dwell with rural populations. She rang the changes on "I deserved it" and "How did he dare?" until she caught accidental sight of her lover's face, and seeing how mournful it was, began to long to comfort him. And in a while, whether she would or no, she began to shine with tender brilliance upon the hopeless Maskelyne, who was comforted somewhat by the rays of the lovely planet, but utterly misconstrued the reason of its unwonted warmth and brightness.

It does not in the least matter how courageous or how discerning a man may be—Love has the power to make a coward and a dullard of him. There is nothing his lady may do but he will search reasons for the doing of it, and with a curious regularity will find the wrong ones. Maskelyne took all the tender radiance which now fell upon him as a sign of compassion for his sorrows, but by no means as a sign that they were to be ended. O'Rourke had come, had been seen, and had conquered, and now the more ancient lover was to be consoled by sisterly kindness. Angela had manifestly preferred O'Rourke, and Maskelyne saw no wonder in it. He honestly thought O'Rourke a better man than himself, and was indeed prepared to render that insignificant palm to almost anybody. He thought himself a very good-for-nothing fellow, an idler who was not even ornamental, a cumber of the ground. He had no call in any direction, so far as he could feel. He did not even write amateur verses or paint amateur pictures. He had a mint of money, and never having felt the want of it, he undervalued it, and despised his wealth heartily and honestly. In spite of this he did a great deal of good by means of it, for he had pensioners of all sorts, and he lent, where he thought people deserving, with a princely

generosity which was all the more remarkable because fifty per cent. of his creditors forgot to repay him.

The novelist, whose strong point was love-making, and who rejoiced in the dissection of the feminine heart on paper, was beautifully ignorant of the drama of which one scene was being enacted under his nose. His wife, who dissected nothing, knew all about the case, and would have loved to bring the two young people together, for like all good women (and some indifferent ones) she was a matchmaker at heart. As for the Major, he was a match-maker too, but he knew no more than Noah whether or not the two young people had the faintest leaning to each other.

The dinner passed off fairly well, and then came the mild dissipation of the evening. The large room of the Hotel de Ville was found to be artificially darkened, for the evening light still ruled outside. Ranged about the chamber were a number of little tables, supporting little boxes, which stood back to back, with a petroleum lamp between each two of them. In the front of each box a pair of stereoscopic lenses, and at the side a little handle to turn the views. Scattered here and there a few early visitors already trying their eyes at the lenses, amongst them Mr. Zeno, who bowed with great politeness on the arrival of the party from the Hotel des Postes. Master Austin went off on stealthy tiptoe to join the delightful foreigner, who took him by the hand and called his attention in laboriously chosen single words to various curiosities of the show.

"Mountain. Eh? High. Oh, so high. Not? Vile. Snow. Vire fine. Eh? Look. Vun uzzer."

After some five minutes of this amusement Mr. Zeno appeared to tire of it, and leading the little fellow across the chamber raised his hat to the mother, surrendered his charge, bowed all round, and left the chamber.

It was a very simple entertainment, and yet it entertained, and the visitors went solemnly round from one little box to another for the space of half-an-hour, by which time all had stiff necks and aching eyes.

"My dear," said Austin, "I feel as if I had travelled far enough for a single journey."

"And I too," returned Lucy.

"Really," said the Major, "they're remarkably pretty, but one gets tired."

"We must come back for another evening," said Angela. "The Swiss views are really charming."

This was to Maskelyne, who said, "Yes, very," in an absent manner.

Suddenly from the far end of the room arose a cry.

"Oh, mamma, mamma, mamma! Look here!"

"Hush!" said mamma, crossing over to him. "Little gentlemen never shout in that way. What is it, darling?"

"Mr. Zeno," said the boy, clapping his hands and laughing. "Mr. Zeno."

Lucy took the seat, and looked through the stereoscopic lenses, and there was Mr. Zeno sure enough. Mr. Zeno was talking with somebody else, and he and his companion were curiously out of proportion with the rest of the picture. The photograph represented a court in the Vienna Exhibition, and it seemed probable that at the instant of time at which the artist had lifted his little shutter to catch the moving crowd Mr. Zeno and his friend had stepped into the field of view. The expression of both countenances was clearly defined and animated, and the figures were so large that they only came into the picture to the waist. The two were arm in arm, and Zeno had turned with a stretched forefinger towards the other, as if to impress him with a sense of importance in what he was saying.

"Yes," said Lucy. "It is Mr. Zeno certainly. Austin," she said to her husband, who had followed half across the room, "this is very curious. Here is an actual portrait of Mr. Zeno."

"Who is Mr. Zeno?" asked Angela, crossing over, whilst Farley stooped to look at the picture. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"No," answered Lucy, "a stranger. But he is staying at our hotel. Mr. Farley thought at one time that he was a spy, and he is not a nice person at all. He seems very fond of Austin, though, and it is certainly curious to find his portrait here."

"A spy?" said Angela.

"Oh," said Austin, looking up from the lenses, "that was a passing fancy of mine. Mr. Dobroski was here, you know, and everybody knows that he is watched. This fellow has a certain underhand, hangdog, listening way with him. The two things got together in my mind. I went so far as to hint the thing to Dobroski himself, but he laughed at it."

"Oh," said Angela gaily, "I must see Mr. Zeno." She glanced round, and seeing that the Major was still at the other end of the room, she added somewhat hastily and in an undertone, "Mr. Dobroski is a very dear old friend of mine." Then gaily once more, "I must see your spy, Mr. Farley."

Farley made way for her, and she sat down with both little gloved hands upon the box, and looked.

"Here's an odd thing, Lucy," said Austin. "There's a fictional use in that if I could only see my way to it."

Crash went something close at hand with a sound of breaking glass. Angela had somehow overturned the box and had broken the lamp behind it. She was on her feet, and her face, dimly seen in the semi-obscurity of the chamber, wore a look of more alarm and amazement than so simple a disaster seemed to warrant. She lifted the box from the table, and Farley instantly put out the light of the broken lamp and extinguished with his handkerchief and foot a detached stream of burning oil which had already begun to trickle from the table to the floor.

Whilst this was doing, Angela, with the box in both hands, had walked across the room, and at the door had encountered the woman who had charge of the exhibition.

"Madame," she said rapidly in French, "I have by accident broken a lamp. Let me pay you for it. Have you a private room here? Show me to it, if you please."

Her breathing was so quick and so disturbed that these simple phrases were panted rather than spoken.

"Certainly, madame," said the woman, and led the way into a side room illuminated by a brace of tall candles. Angela set the box she carried upon a table between the candles, and turned it rapidly this way and that.

"How do you open this box, madame?"

"So," said the woman in surprise, producing a small key, and suiting the action to the word.

"Take out the photographs, if you please." The woman obeyed, wondering more and more, and Angela taking them from her hand selected that which bore the portrait of Mr. Zeno. "I wish to buy this," she said, drawing forth her purse and laying a louis d'or upon the table. "Will that pay you for the broken lamp and the photograph?"

"Assuredly," the woman answered. The whole thing was curious, and she would have been well content to have it explained, but her visitor chose to offer no explanation, and she was fain to satisfy herself with the louis d'or.

Angela thrust the photograph into her bosom, and, having rearranged her dress, rejoined her friends.

"I have paid for the broken lamp," she said to the Major. Butler was not a very observant man at any time, but he thought the pale cheeks and gleaming eyes of the girl a little out of proportion with the magnitude of the late accident. Farley and his wife thought the same thing, and as for Maskelyne, he had nothing but pity and wonder for Angela's disturbed aspect. She said nothing, however, and, by the time the Hotel des Postes was reached, she was outwardly as calm as ever.

The men smoked a cigar together in the garden in a twilight just tempered by the rising moon, and Lucy and Angela sat near at hand talking of indifferent things. There were no lamps in the village street, and the Hotel of the Cheval Blanc was dark. Quite suddenly and silently the girl rose and slipped away, and passing swiftly through the open corridor came upon the street, and ran towards the Cheval Blanc, drawing the photograph from her bosom as she went. A domestic stood lolling against the post of the open door, but straightened himself and capped the young lady when he saw her near at hand.

"I wish to see M. Dobroski," she said.

"Monsieur left the hotel this afternoon," returned the man, still cap in hand.

"Kindly tell me his address."

"Pardon, Mademoiselle. I will ask for it."

The man retired, and Angela advanced into the darkness of the doorway, and stood there with the photograph clasped in one hand tight against her bosom. In a while the servant came back again.

"Monsieur has left no address, Mademoiselle."

"Do you know if he will return?"

"Pardon, Mademoiselle. I do not know. I will ask again."

She waited in the darkness, still with the photograph tightly held against her breast, until the man returned. "Monsieur did not say whether or not he would return. He took train for Bruxelles."

"Thank you." She walked slowly back, and the others, sitting

in the garden in the dusk, saw the white gleam of her dress as she passed along the street. By and by she rejoined them.

"Where have you been, Angela?" asked the Major.

"I went to see Mr. Dobroski," she answered, quietly. "He has left. He has gone away to Brussels."

The Major muttered something to himself, which Maskelyne, who was nearest, construed into "A good thing too." Maskelyne knew already the complicated relations which existed between Angela, her uncle, and Dobroski, and was by no means surprised by the Major's conclusion.

Half-an-hour later Butler demanded his carriage, bade his host and hostess adieu, and went away with Angela and Maskelyne. The girl was silent all the way home, but when the chateau was reached, she found herself alone with Maskelyne, and spoke.

"Mr. Maskelyne, may I ask you to do me a very great favour?"

"I shall be delighted," said Maskelyne.

"Let me explain," she said, rapidly and eagerly. "You know this face?" She held the photograph before him and indicated Zeno with the tip of a finger.

"Yes," said Maskelyne, "I know the face. The man at the Hotel des Postes—Zeno."

"You see he is in close conversation with some one, there?"

"Yes."

"That man with whom he is walking and talking here, arm in arm, is Mr. Dobroski's bitterest enemy—a Pole, but a spy in the pay of the Russian Government."

"You know that?" said Maskelyne, looking up at her.

"Mr. Dobroski showed me his photograph not a week ago. I should know the man among a thousand."

"It is not a face about which one could be easily mistaken," Maskelyne allowed. "What must I do?"

"Do you see to what the companionship of these two men and this man's presence here point?" she asked him. "You won't think me foolish or romantic, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"I should be very much inclined to say," returned Maskelyne, "that it points in the direction of Mr. Farley's fancy, and that this fellow Zeno is a spy upon Dobroski. Of course, the companionship may be a chance, and Zeno's being here an accident."

"Do you think that very probable, Mr. Maskelyne?"

"It may be," said Maskelyne. "But we cannot tell. What am I to do, Miss Butler?"

"Will you—?" she began, and broke off there. "Mr. Dobroski has gone to Brussels. He left this afternoon, and gave the people of the Cheval Blanc no address. He is a known figure everywhere, and it will be easy to find him."

"You wish me to find him, and to let him know of this?"

"To put it in his hands," answered Angela.

"Yes," he said, accepting the proffered photograph, and bestowing it in his breast pocket. "I will take the morning mail."

"Thank you," she said earnestly. "Thank you."

"I am pleased," he answered simply, "to be able to do anything to please you."

"Pray don't laugh at me in your own mind, and think me silly and romantic. I know that it may be nothing but a coincidence which brings those two people together, and nothing but an accident which brings that man where Mr. Dobroski is staying. But you may not know what horrors, what dreadful, dreadful things are done and hidden every day in Russia. Mr. Dobroski was my father's dearest friend, and I have known him all my life. He is the noblest, the gentlest, the most unhappy man in the world. He has suffered so much already. I could never forgive myself if I knew a thing like this and took no step to let him know it too."

All this was spoken eagerly and rapidly, and Maskelyne saw the flash of tears in her eyes. He would have died to serve her slightest whim, and here was a thing which might be of genuine and deep importance to a man she valued dearly. His heart ached over her with an actual pain of love and admiration. Whatever she did made her seem only the more lovely in his eyes.

He answered with perfect simplicity,

"I am pleased to be of use. I will take the morning mail."

(To be continued)



In 1816, List, the son of a Württemberg currier, became Von Wangenheim's Under-Secretary, and induced that Minister to found a chair of political economy at Tübingen, and to undertake other reforms which led to his downfall, and to his prompter being condemned to ten years' imprisonment with hard labour. List fled; but his King's vengeance hunted him from place to place, till he found a home and a congenial nidus for his ideas in the United States. Those ideas were naturally Protectionist. We are accustomed to anathematise the Berlin decrees; but they gave a grand stimulus to the German home trade. List talks of "the wonderfully favourable effects of Napoleon's Continental System, and the destructive results of its abolition;" and he saw that, when it was abolished, the only way of saving the home trade was to abolish also the internal customs and to form a Zollverein. Germany was not yet ripe for such a measure; and List was shut up for some months in the Asberg, and only got off his ten years by renouncing his nationality. In America he worked with the Pennsylvania Association for promoting Manufacturing Industries, attacking Adam Smith's "Cosmopolitical" system of free trade, and publishing the outlines of a new National system, of which the work before us, written after his return to Germany, is the completion. In 1830 he was appointed United States Consul at Hamburg; but servile German officialism was still powerful, and

the Hamburg Senate refused to ratify the appointment. Three years after he had better success at Leipsig; and here he gave valuable advice on the intricate matter of German railways, and also did his best to prevent Germany from meeting our repeal of the Corn Laws with the abolition of duties on foreign manufactures. He thought (as do most of our colonies nowadays) that a nation must have got a good way on in manufacturing success before it can bear the strain of foreign competition. This is his central idea; he would not keep out foreign wares, but he would give a decided advantage to home-made goods. We were naturally annoyed; and our Ambassador, Lord Westmoreland, most unfairly spoke of List as "a very able writer in the pay of the German manufacturers," just at the time when he was paying Dr. Bowring to preach Free Trade in Germany. In the fourth part ("Politics") of his "National System of Political Economy" (Longmans), List advocated much that Germany has since realised:—Railways and canals under united management, a German fleet, German colonies, a regular line of steamers, supervised emigration, &c. The book (ably translated by Mr. Sampson Lloyd, M.P.) is a well-reasoned and exhaustive statement of the case for Protection. The chapter "On the Farming Interest," in which it is laid down as an axiom that the rise or fall in the value of land is a sure test of national prosperity (p. 243), is worth studying, whether we agree or not with the writer's conclusions. List's career is an illustration of German Conservatism. In France or England he would almost certainly have been in the Cabinet; in Germany he was only a writer. But freedom from official cares enabled him to fully enunciate those principles on which not Germany only, but the United States and Australia have shaped their commercial policy. He is hard upon England; talks of "the crafty and spiteful commercial policy of Canning and Huskisson," and rejoices that they were thwarted both in France and in America; but he owed us no gratitude, for our Press received his writings with a scorn which would not be at the pains to understand their true drift. We are wiser now, and even staunch Cobdenites will be glad to hear one of the ablest advocates on the other side. One thing we should like to know: are the Americans as firm in the faith as they were when List converted them some sixty years ago? By-the-way, his estimate of Napoleon's continental policy goes to prove that the long struggle with the first Emperor was another of our trade wars, and not the work of Mr. Bright's "bloated aristocracy."

The *Kölnische Zeitung* is determined to emulate the *New York Herald*. It sent its Commissioner to West Africa, the result being "Das Togoland und Die Sklavenküste" (Spemann, Berlin and Stuttgart). Togoland is the district along the Bight of Benin, between Porto Seguro on the East and Lome on the West. Of course, Herr Zöller has a good deal to say about Dr. Nachtigal and the hoisting of the German flag and the misdeeds of Lawson. He is well worth reading, both because his descriptions of life and scenery and travel are most graphic, and also because it is useful for us to see ourselves now and then from another's point of view. How he looks at us may be judged from the following remark:—"The English have the great talent of making things appear in the light most favourable to them." He is complaining that we stigmatise the German trade in West Africa as smuggling—as fair, he says, as if, supposing Antwerp was a free port and Rotterdam shackled with heavy duties, the Rotterdam folks should call it smuggling for men to prefer to buy and sell in Antwerp. The illustrations are very good, and the print and paper excellent.

The recipes in the "Old Bohemian's" "Philosophy of the Kitchen" (Ward and Downey) make one's mouth water; but sometimes we feel, as we read, that T. W. Robertson was right in saying, when Brough, Halliday, and others were industriously copying down the way of cooking tripe: "Well, I'd as lief forswear tripe altogether as incur the expense and trouble of making it palatable." The book, dedicated to the Savage Club, is nevertheless full of useful hints. And better even than the hints are the stories. We can sympathise with the wrath of that Strasburg damsel of whom our author quietly asked: "Fraulein, haben Sie Froschschenkel!" and are indignant at the ungallant German judge who fined her five francs for bringing her questioner up on what he chose to consider a trumpery charge.

Mr. F. Gale, "the Old Buffer," writes delightfully about "Modern English Sports" (Sampson Low). Cricket he finds mentioned in a "History of Guildford, 1593," and Dugdale says that Cromwell at Cambridge was famous for it as well as for football; in speaking of the growth of which latter game during the last twenty years Mr. Gale forgets that in the Midlands, at any rate, it had never ceased to be played between town and town. He is justly hard upon keepers who sacrifice every bird and animal to their pheasants, and on their masters who shut up the woods against the villagers; and he dislikes lawn-tennis tournaments, "which have become gate-money affairs, like cricket." Is he right in saying that "Funk, sir, sheer funk," is the reason why pads are worn at cricket? Mr. Ruskin has given him a genial preface, in which he wishes girls were often sent to help the cook or housemaid instead of always to lawn-tennis.

Most of us know what to expect in the new issue of Mr. Haweis's "Winged Words" (Isbister). Under "Amo," he discusses parents and children, friends, marriage (on which he has some very sage remarks), health, and psychology. Under "Creeds," he gives the new definition of the old creeds; as when speaking of "the Divine Son," he says: "We have changed our idea of God without changing our idea of Christ." In "The Pulpit Set Free" and "Unfettered Clergy," he gives his own views, and defends his position, comparing himself to a Republican M.P. who *assents* to the monarchy. To the former part of his book no one can take exception; discourses so full of suggestion, of earnest practical teaching, so exactly unlike what the average sermon is, cannot fail to do good; and we sympathise with the author's complaint that some young wives won't let their husbands go to St. James's, Marylebone. Mr. Haweis is going to America, and in his preface sends a graceful message to the friends who have invited him thither.

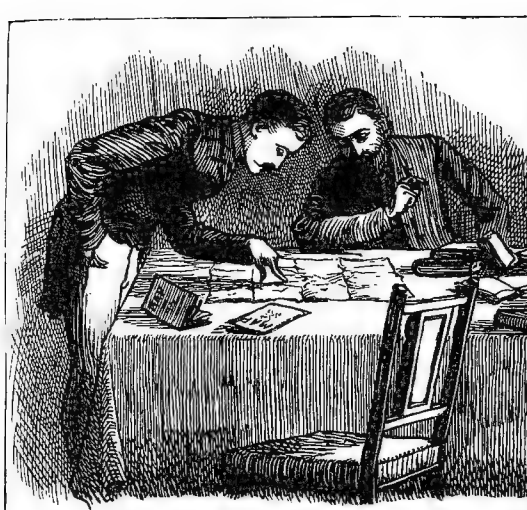
"Truths Illustrated by Great Authors" (Crosby Lockwood) has proved its usefulness by reaching a sixteenth edition. A book of alphabetical aphorisms is specially needed in this newspaper-reading age, when so few of us read our great authors seriously enough to think of attempting such a collection for ourselves.

There are in England a million and a quarter women-servants, and nearly as many wives and mothers who are servants in their own houses. Most of these are even more ignorant of the laws of health as applied to dwellings than they are of wholesome economical cookery. Miss Buckton, therefore, was wise in lecturing on "Our Dwellings, Healthy and Unhealthy" (Longmans) to the girls of the Leeds Board Schools; and the models which she carried from school to school must have made her lessons more effectual than any amount of mere talk could have done. She found that the Leeds artisan often prefers those abominations, "back to back" houses, though he can get others at a lower rent. Her remarks on "dusting" might be read with advantage by classes far above the artisan.

"Draught" (Kemp, Cannon Street), by Mr. Philipson, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, is not a sanitary book, but the essay which won the first prize offered by the Coachmakers' Company. We need not say that the subject is all-important to those who care for their horses.

The Principal of Aspatria Agricultural College has been asked to publish his "Agricultural Note-Book" (Longmans) for the sake of candidates for examinations. The little book contains a vast amount of valuable teaching in a highly condensed form.

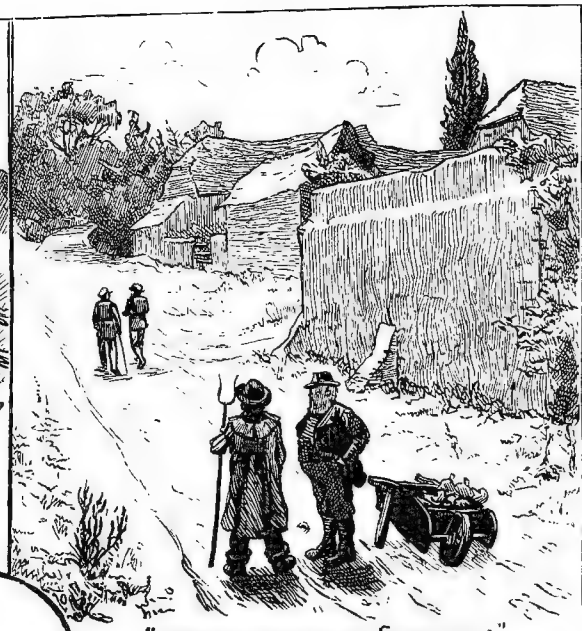
"They Might Have Been Together Till the Last" (Kegan Paul)



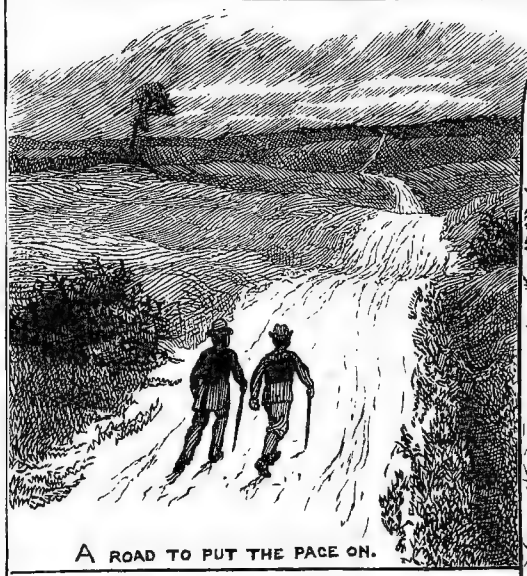
PLANNING THE CAMPAIGN.



THE START.
GOOD-BYE TO THE RAIL FOR A FORTNIGHT.



"WHO BE THEY THEN? SURVEYORS?"
"QUACK DOCTORS, I RACKON, BY THEIR PACKS."



A ROAD TO PUT THE PACE ON.



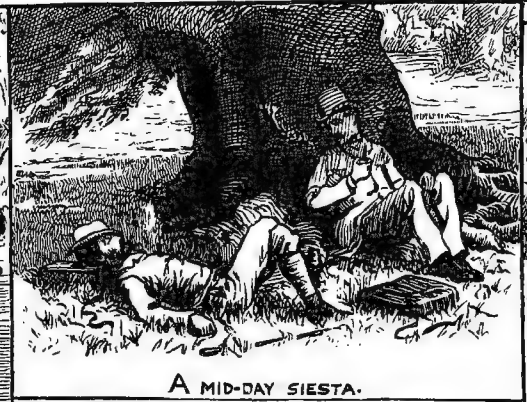
THE UBIQUITOUS FRIEND.



A PROFESSIONAL.



A PATH TO LINGER BY.



A MID-DAY SIESTA.



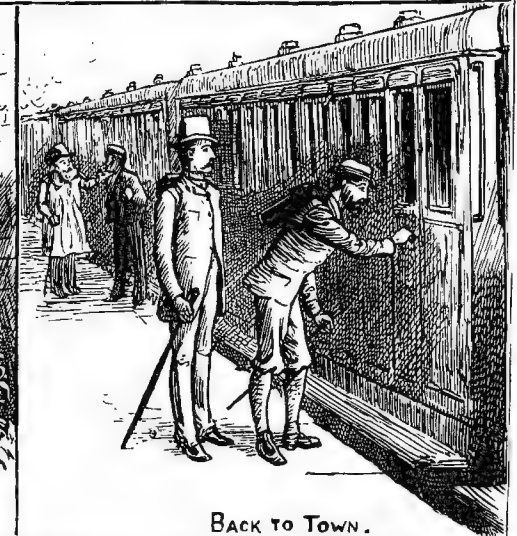
MORE PEDESTRIANS.



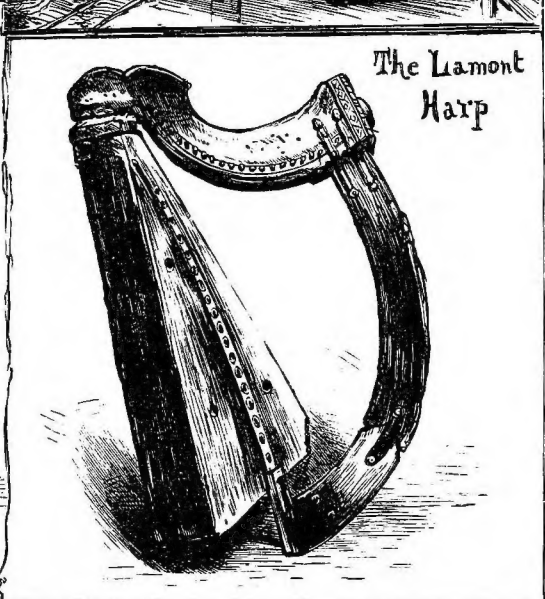
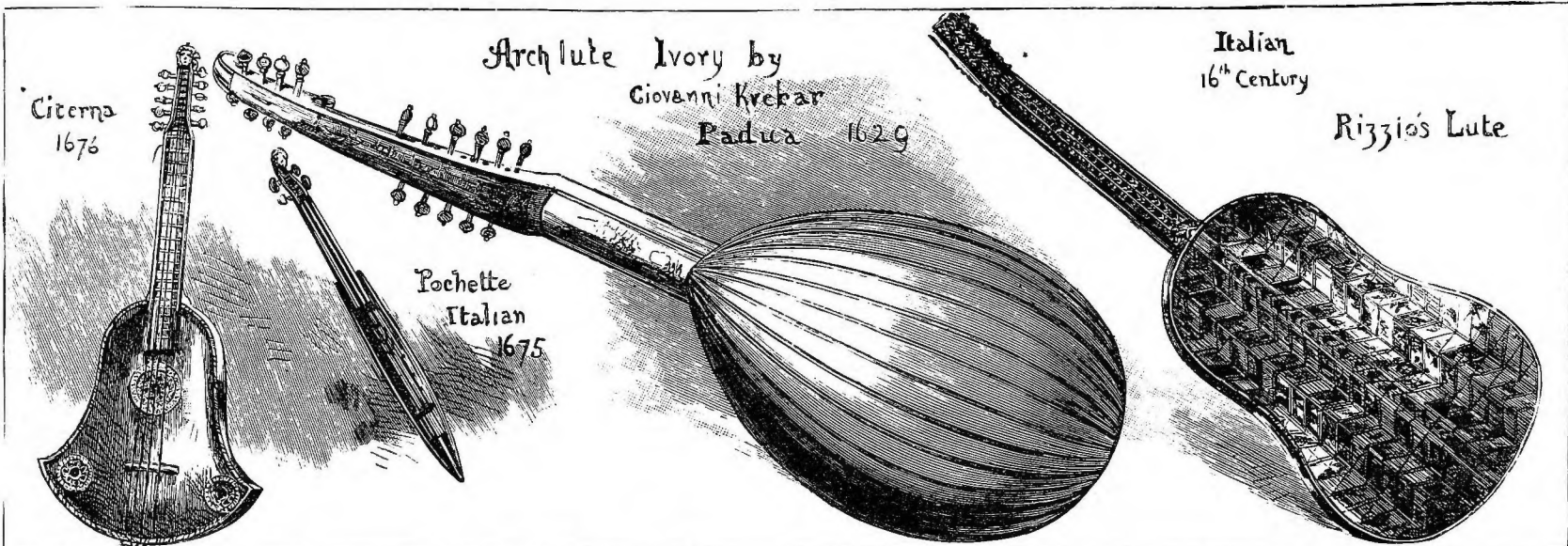
LOST! THE PENALTY OF TRYING A SHORT CUT.



A TERRIFYING NOTICE.



BACK TO TOWN.



is the thoughtful essay of "a man of the world accustomed to do business with men and women of different ranks." The honeymoon, he thinks, is too long; and, as it is a legal fiction that husband and wife are one, so it is wrong to assume that they cannot be thrown too much together. Kingsley's rule: "Never talk of household matters, unless urgent, but between 9 and 10 A.M.," he endorses with admiration, and he points to the fact (not certainly to our credit) that, while our love-stories end with marriage, those of the Hindoos are tales of wedded love. On women's political rights and their fitness for professions (their fitness for occupations needing hard manual work has never been denied) our essayist has many new and suggestive remarks.

Mr. G. Clifford Whitworth's "Anglo-Indian Dictionary" (Kegan Paul) contains not only words like "Bundobust," which are constantly misused by the unlearned, but also a vast deal of incidental information about habits and customs, mythology, and language. Though a stickler for correct transliteration, Mr. Whitworth wisely gives in to human weakness by spelling words like "Jummabundy" in both ways.

Mr. Skottowe's "Our Hanoverian Kings" (Sampson Low) is just the book for those who have to "get-up" the period from 1714 to the passing of the Reform Bill. Divided into "books," each headed with the name of the Prime Minister of the period, the work is furnished with titles of events to every chapter, with genealogies of the notable families, &c. The table of the growth of the English colonies is very clear and useful; the sketch of the French Revolution rightly charges the Jacobins with beginning the war which Mr. Pitt was anxious to avoid, and at the same time impartially discusses the repressive measures adopted against "The English Convention." The book is not a mere summary of facts, but will be useful to the thoughtful student and the general reader as well as to the examinee.

FAIR PHILOSOPHY

THE philosopher is nowhere out of place, except perhaps in Parliament, and a visit even to a fair in search of sweetness and light is instructive to him. In a fair the progress of the age, and the refinements which civilisation introduces into the sports, pastimes, and language of the people can be noted, and a true theory of sociology thereby elaborated. Barnet Fair recently offered this study to us, and gave rise to some profound speculations, and "long, long thoughts," which the loss of a watch and a soaking shower, curiously enough, only intensified. Barnet Fair is a living English classic, and its droves of Irish and Welsh horses and ponies are world-renowned. Its glory as a market may somewhat have faded; as the price of horses has gone up, the fair has correspondingly gone down; but still there is something left. There are still circles of animals, some scared and some stolid, there is the keen scent of the seller, who can sniff out a possible purchaser from scores of mere onlookers, there is the old pleasant manoeuvring as to price, combining the wiliness of the diplomatist with the gushing frankness of early youth. But the philosophy of the fair proper, if instructive, is already in the text-books, and we turn from the business to the pleasure side in search of new developments.

That decline in the British drama which is bewailed ever and anon by managers who run yachts and build princely mansions, seems to be felt in the fair. The good old "mumming booth," like the golden eagle, is becoming rarer and rarer. In the distance we behold a structure that promises well, as a huge drum is banging in front, and four brass instruments are Wagnerising; but on nearing it we find it to be—not Richardson's—but "Jones's Philosophical and Calisthenic Amusements." What a sign of the times is this, redolent of a ninepenny School Board rate! The march of intellect has disestablished blood-and-thunder in favour of philosophy and calisthenics. A gentleman in a red shirt, white buckskin breeches, and top boots, with a splendid Spanish scarf round his waist, and a wideawake *qua* sombrero on his head, emerges. He is decidedly calisthenic, doing wonders in a single-handed contest with a battle-axe similar to those which delight visitors to the Tower; but his achievements do not stir the onlookers as we might wish.

The next comer is a young lady of charming *embonpoint*, quietly dressed in a green and orange robe, trimmed with gold braid, scarlet stockings, and undeniable boots. She is evidently the philosophical part of the entertainment, inductive philosophy being her forte; the problem she solves being to induce all the people outside to go in. She waves her arms above her head, and several in the crowd feel in their pockets for the necessary twopenny; she raises a toe in the air, and there is a rush of six to the pay-door; she breaks out into a jig, and the steps are at once thronged with an eager crowd. We were proud to see this triumph of philosophy over calisthenics.

The inside entertainment combined the two, the latter placing the former against a deal board, and proceeding to impale her in various attitudes with broad-bladed knives, symbolical, no doubt, of the attacks made by matter upon mind, and possibly intended as a dig at Huxley and Tyndall. Philosophy however came unscathed, and more smiling than ever, out of the perilous positions in which she had been placed, so the moral was as good as Richardson could have supplied. We were unable to call on the Skeleton Princess, who held reception next door, as we were invited to do through a speaking-trumpet; nor could we yield to the blandishments of an American gentleman, who possessed as his earthly treasure an Armless Man, "so afflicted from his birth," although the American assured us that his was no tall-talk or blood-sucking swindle, and as the man was represented outside, so we should see him within. We had no time either to pay our respects to the two "Man-eating African Swells," whom their importer defended from the charge of being Zulus, asserting that they were "really Egyptians, from Egypt." Therefore what philosophy we might have acquired from their presence and smiles was lost to us.

We found that our old friend Aunt Sally had developed beyond all recognition; in her place now stands a whole row of life-sized figures, full-dressed in the garments of all nations, ready to be knocked down. There is a certain artfulness in this; for if the passer-by has a spite against any particular profession or nationality, if his rival in the affections of his Sarah Jane happens to be a soldier or a policeman, or should he privately think small beer of the Turk or the Chinaman, he can generally find in the row a figure which embodies his antipathy, and for one penny can have the opportunity of knocking his head off, and getting a cocoa-nut at the same time. This appeal to the passion of revenge in the interests of business we thought a rather clever development. But even more popular than the cocoa-nut *depôts* were the shooting galleries, and here we made the visual acquaintance of a modern development quite of another kind. The galleries are presided over by Beings so gorgeously arrayed that Solomon, at the sight of them, would take a back seat. For them are the longest, and widest, and most beautifully curled and tinted ostrich feathers of South Africa reserved; for them do the looms of Manchester weave their most resplendent cotton velvet; for them does Birmingham, choice in its material and lavish in its art, perform its greatest prodigies of skill in the matter of oyster-sized silver lockettes, necklaces of coral, and bracelets and rings of more than Ethiopian massiveness and magnificence. Beneath those ostrich feathers wave tresses of surpassing brilliancy of gold, or the most polished Nubian jet, festooned in garlands, or shortened into the naïve "Piccadilly

fringe." The nymphs thus treasure-laden carefully load the formidable weapons, encouraging the beginner and applauding the able hand. No wonder, we thought, that rifle-shooting is so practised hand. No wonder, we thought, that rifle-shooting is so popular. No weary mariner, leaning over his bulwark in the still of night, has ever heard such dulcet invitations from the sirens of the sea as pour forth melodiously from the fairy of the rifle. True, the voice is occasionally a thought like saw-grinding, but then remember the weather we have had, and besides, the seductive look from out the bashful eyes atones for a little hoarseness. And as one listens one discovers that to the charms of person are added those of *esprit*; not Congreve or Wycherley in his happiest moments could rattle off dialogue so pointed, or so free from Puritanic restraint. What with the sport of the shooting and the charms of brisk repartee, the yokel who has been drawn within the magic circle hardly seems to know whether he is on his head or his heels. A great deal of philosophy, which we will spare the reader, occurs to us as we contemplate from a safe distance this latest development of the English fair.

There were of course the Christys, and the photographs at three-and-six the dozen, and the little bird that chooses a "planet" for you which exhibits your "past and future fate;" and there was the you which exhibits your "past and future fate;" and there was the electrical machine, and the boxing, and the strength measurer. But none of them drew so great a crowd as "Cheap Jack," for the reason, of course, that Jack is a great propounder of philosophy to the people. When the presiding feminine deity—Jack was a lady at Barnet—inform the crowd that she "olds in 'er and a halbum, of the best of leather, containing inside parchment leaves within; that each leaf holds two portraits, one on one side and the other on the t'other side, and will contain a man, his wife, and fifty children; and that if you stick a portrait in the halbum it will stop there till you take it hout; the eye gleams with moisture at this rousing appeal to the family affections. When she produces a box of awls, and informs us that with that hawl you can bore a 'ole where there has never been one before; that you can "put it against the back door and bore till you bore yourself inside, and that if you ain't civil when you get inside, the p'liceman will run you in for six months," we are confounded by the triumphs of modern machinery. "Sixpence for the 'ammer and pinchers" points the reflecting mind to the effect of the distribution of labour in the reduction of prices; while the pleasantries which accompanies the offer of a small-tooth comb shows us the victory which man has at length fully established over the brute creation.

Such practical philosophy as a wheik offers, both to the man who desires to masticate it, and to him who bravely swallows it whole, was offered at Barnet on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. The tempting fried fish, the oyster, and the mussel held fair places, but the wheik predominated, and the delicate scent thereof permeated the air from Whetstone to Hadley Wood. He stood first in popular favour. A man, or a party, would linger over him lovingly and devour two saucers apiece, and then would tear themselves away and have a swing, or a turn on a roundabout; but it was no use, back to the wheik they came; and though there might be temporary infidelity in the direction of gingerbread, or sandwiches, or even a square meal of roast pork, yet, true in the end to their first love, back they would come to the wheiks. The popular appreciation was exemplified in a peculiar way. While the vendors of other comestibles found it desirable to vaunt their wares loudly, the lord of the wheik domain preserved a dignified silence; he was sure of his customers, all he had to do was to think of his wheiks, to water them lovingly from time to time, and see that his little girl did not drink all the vinegar out of the bottle while his back was turned. This pronounced victory of the British wheik over all other comestibles is a sign of the times; and we commend it to the notice of Mr. Herbert Spencer.

R. T. G.



"THE HOUSE OF RIMMON, A Black Country Story," by Jeanie Gwynne Bettany (3 vols.: Remington and Co.) is, if it be a first work as we imagine it to be, full of promise. The writer has a keen and genuine sense of humour. The novel is clever, natural, and amusing throughout, and many of the sketches of life and character in a South Staffordshire town are really admirable. Old gravediggers have been favourite subjects for portraiture, from "Hamlet" downwards: but the vein of originality in them is by no means exhausted if any more such oddities are left as Jody Waddy. Some of his sayings would be worth quoting, were it not that they would suffer by being disconnected from the sexton's personality. The story itself is of less merit than the portraiture it serves to introduce. It is certainly rather common place; it is not well constructed; and it contains too many useless people and purposeless incidents. On the other hand, this last fault in construction, though it injures the interest, is almost more than pardonable, seeing that the characters are invariably amusing, and the incidents invariably well described—especially a colliery explosion, showing that the authoress is able to put fresh life and vigour into other hackneyed subjects as well as into gravediggers. Had the main story only been more closely adhered to, and the temptation to wander into side-ways more artistically resisted, "The House of Rimmon" would have deserved almost unqualified praise. As it stands, it is to be praised for much more than promise, especially in the matter of that deplorably decaying quality—humorous portraiture.

Mr. W. W. Fenn's two thick volumes, "Woven in Darkness" (Kelly and Co.), are a miscellany of light essays and short stories, mostly of an exceedingly slight character, and all pervaded with that graceful and cheerful humour familiar to all who have enjoyed "Blind Man's Holiday." Mr. Fenn never keeps out of sight the reason that obliged him to lay down the brush and take to the pen: but the latter has evidently given him unaffected compensations. His theory of ghosts, based upon the experiences of the blind, is ingenious, and worth serious consideration, as bringing such phenomena within the limits of reasonable discussion, and rendering it worth while for science to go a step or two further in the same direction. Ghosts have evidently a serious fascination for Mr. Fenn, and they are among the *dramatis persona* of most, and the best, of his stories. He recalls, also, in his pleasant manner, just touched with enthusiasm, the life of a landscape painter; and his simple, straight-forward, and always eminently sensible views on art, as well as on "social" subjects, are exceedingly refreshing. The volumes are made to be dipped into, and will bear the process many times.

"The Forked Tongue," by Robert Langstaff de Havilland, M.A. (1 vol.: Vizetelly and Co.), is a most extraordinary jumble of events and characters. Of course, fiction has many other functions than that of holding the mirror up to nature, and we should be the last to disregard them. But the laws of romance are at the very least as strict as those of realism, and Mr. de Havilland does not show himself to be among those masters who can venture to defy or ignore them with impunity. To give the most meagre account of the story that would give any lucid notion of its nature would be impossible. It is all very incoherent and very morbid, and describes the career of a singularly uninteresting and feeble-minded young man from his infancy through a series of rambling experiences of

love, matrimony, mesmerism, and manslaughter. "The Forked Tongue" is that of an objectionable uncle, upon whom Sigmund Le Fannu retorts with a novel called "Calumny;" and there is no avoiding the suspicion that the author himself is harping on some personal grievance. His work, despite the names of several fore-runners on the title page, has all the appearance of extreme youth and inexperience—an air emphasised by a good deal of pedantry. Ladies, as a rule, do not talk and quote Greek freely; and if within Mr. de Havilland's experience they do, their display of learning is out of place in a novel—the scholar can get his Greek elsewhere, and the ordinary reader does not want to get it at all. The best use the author can make of his own scholarship is to study those critical works which contain such elementary canons as that a work of art should have a beginning, a middle, and an end. Not that there is anything objectionable about the end of the "Forked Tongue," except that it is postponed a great deal too long.

After reading "Snow in Harvest," by Ida Ashworth Taylor (3 vols.: Hurst and Blackett), one feels as if the characters, three women and half-a-dozen men, had been cards in a pack that had been continually well shuffled, each coming out with a different companion. And one therefore also feels, on closing the last volume, that the last shuffle is by no means necessarily final. The laws of permutation and combination are not quite exhausted—especially among such an aimless and inconsequent set of people. The leading lady is engaged three times over in nine months, and even then jilts her latest temporary *fiancé* on the eve of the intended wedding-day for one of his predecessors. Considering the confused and confusing elements of which the story is composed, it is not badly constructed, and is on the whole an improvement on the part of its author. Its exceptionally complicated love affairs save it to some extent from the charge of conventionality, but it is nevertheless lamentably colourless. It is impossible to be interested in the characters, but there is some curiosity in watching to see what will be the result of the next shuffle of the cards. Two persons reading the novel together might at any rate get a certain amount of amusement out of it by making its incidents the subject of harmless wagering—to get anything otherwise than harmless out of it would be altogether impossible.

If there be such people in the world as the Lymans of "Battleton Rectory," by Quentin Murray (J. Heywood), what is the good of describing them? And if not, what is the possible good of inventing them? Mr. Lyman is a rector whose third wife, an impossible virago, has a passion for crushing curates, of whom she disposes of over sixty in the course of her career. The stories of two or three are told in the course of this contribution to shilling fiction, and very rapid stories they are. Unless the author has drawn very considerably upon his imagination, as is highly probable, there must be more imbecility about in the world than is suggested even by ordinary fiction. And if he really regards curates as a persecuted and perfectly helpless race, he has not gone the way to aid them by the violently exaggerated colours in which he paints the condition of Mr. or rather of Mrs. Lyman's innumerable victims. Of course if the work is a mere *jeu d'esprit*, we have nothing to say except that it is of a bewilderingly pointless kind.



MESSRS. AUGENER AND CO.—Those of our readers who were present at a concert of Jewish music recently given in London will accord a hearty welcome to some two dozen songs and concerted pieces adapted and arranged from various sources by Edersheim, many if not all of which were sung on that occasion. As would naturally be expected, these Hebrew melodies are for the most part of a sacred character, but there are a few set to gay themes, the sacred from well-known poets. Most noteworthy amongst the sacred songs are: "A Spirit I passed Before Me," for a mezzo-soprano; "Sun of the Sleepless," for a tenor or soprano; "Jephthah's Daughter," "Thy Days Are Done," and "If That High World" are of medium compass. A harp accompaniment adds much to the effect of "By the Rivers of Babylon" and "The Harp the Monarch Minstrel Swept." Of a dramatic type are "Vision of Belshazzar," "Destruction of Sennacherib," "Saul at Endor." A majestic vocal march is "Song of Saul Before His Last Battle." Three good songs for contraltos are: "My Soul Is Dark," "Were My Bosom," and "O, Weep for Those that Wept by Babel's Stream." Under the secular head may be classed: "The Wild Gazelle," for a mezzo-soprano, "She Walks in Beauty," for a tenor, and "Francesca." A very graceful duet for soprani is "It is the Hour." Most charming of this complete series is a trio for female voices, "When Coldness Wraps;" it is far from difficult to learn or sing, and should be in the *répertoire* of every choral society of female members. A brace of quartettes (S. A. T. B.) may be highly commended: "Oh, Snatched Away in Beauty's Bloom," which has a pleasing contralto solo, and "I Saw Thee Weep." This brings us to the end of the Hebrew melodies.—H. Heale has brought out some very admirable concerted music for female voices. "Drifting" is a melodious two-part song for first and second soprani; "Ho! The Wild Wind," and "Evening Bells," two pleasing trios, and "A Spring Song," for four voices. Another good and effective quartette for ladies' voices is "The Bridal of the Birds," words by L. H. F. Du Terreaux, music by Brinley Richards. H. Heale has also composed a four-part song for male voices, "Serenade," the words being Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Stars of the Summer Night."—Well adapted for school study and breaking-up purposes is a masque, by F. Abt, entitled "The Seasons," to be performed by female characters, the libretto by Edward Oxenford; it affords scope for four of the best singers to display their power, untrammelled by a timid chorus.—By the same *collaborateurs* is "The Harvest Moon," a pastoral cantata, which requires soprani and alto soli, and chorus of female voices—peasant maidens. The libretto is founded on a fanciful legend of the Black Forest, and tells how on the first night of the harvest moon it was the custom, many centuries ago, for the peasant maidens to assemble at a fairy grotto at the bottom of a deep ravine, and there sing songs in honour of the good fairy, and to coax her to grant them their various wishes. One fatal day a storm overtook the revellers, and drowned them one and all. The beneficent fairy turned the victims into water lilies, which grow in profusion on the spot to this day. Out of respect to the memory of the lost ones the peasant maidens of the present day proceed in procession on the same date to the scene of the tragedy, and pour forth their sympathy in song and music. We cordially commend this pretty cantata to the heads of colleges and schools.—Of a less ambitious character, but equally well adapted for breaking-up and holiday performances, is "The Moon," an ode for female voices, by Seymour Smith; two soprani and an alto (soloists) and chorus are required for this, and although there is no scope for acting, it may well be sung "under the greenwood tree" at a garden party.—A very welcome birthday gift to one who, whilst admiring Schubert's beautiful *Lieder*, cannot sing them, is "A Transcription for the Pianoforte," by Franz Liszt, of Schubert's *Lieder*, of which Volume I. has recently been published.—A pianoforte duet of more than ordinary merit is "Scherzo Brillante" (Op. 19), by A. H. Sponholz; it is in the form of a grand galop.—"Albumbblätter," twelve graceful pieces for the pianoforte, by H. Scholtz, will prove very useful for after-dinner performance.

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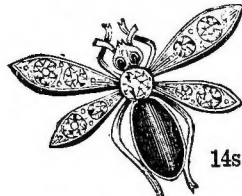
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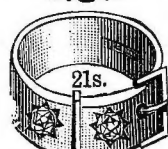
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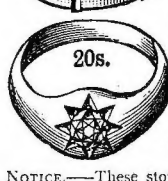
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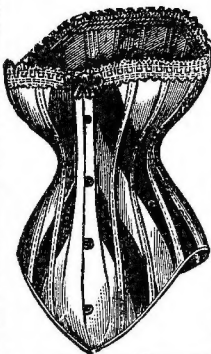
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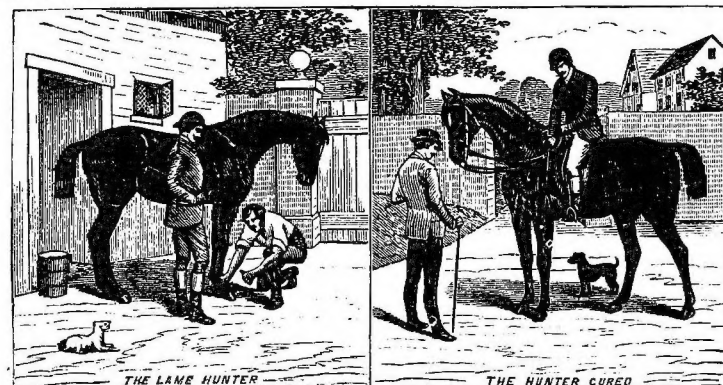
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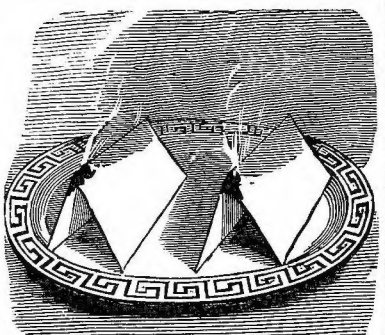
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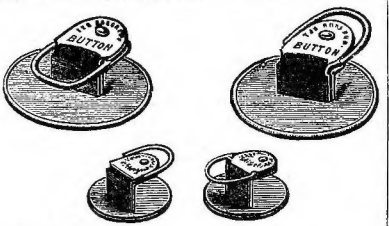
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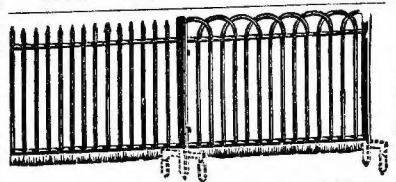
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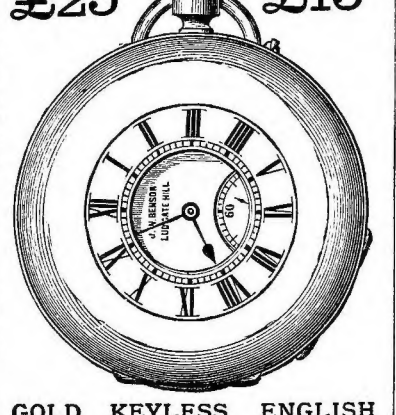
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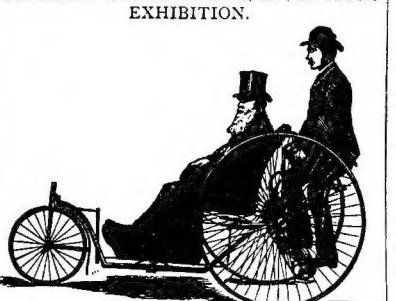
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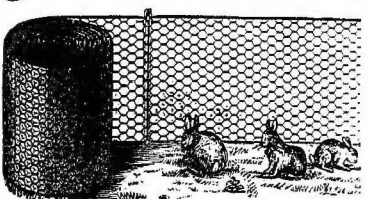
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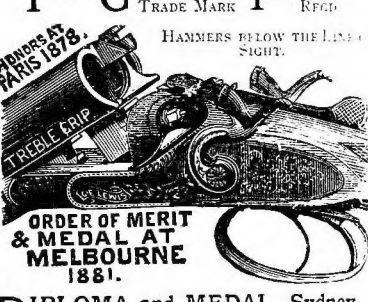
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